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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XXV.

GILBERT OSMOND came to see Isabel again; that is, he came to the Palazzo Crescentini. He had other friends there as well; and to Mrs. Touchett and Madame Merle he was always impartially civil; but the former of these ladies noted the fact that in the course of a fortnight he called five times, and compared it with another fact that she found no difficulty in remembering. Two visits a year had hitherto constituted his regular tribute to Mrs. Touchett's charms, and she had never observed that he selected for such visits those moments, of almost periodical recurrence, when Madame Merle was under her roof. It was not for Madame Merle that he came; these two were old friends, and he never put himself out for her. He was not fond of Ralph—Ralph had told her so—and it was not supposable that Mr. Osmond had suddenly taken a fancy to her son. Ralph was imperturbable—Ralph had a kind of loose-fitting urbanity that wrapped him about like an ill-made overcoat, but of which he never divested himself; he thought Mr. Osmond very good company, and would have been willing at any time to take the hospitable view of his idiosyncracies. But he did not flatter himself that the desire to repair a past injustice was the motive of their visitor's calls; he

read the situation more clearly. Isabel was the attraction, and in all conscience a sufficient one. Osmond was a critic, a student of the exquisite, and it was natural he should admire an admirable person. So when his mother said to him that it was very plain what Mr. Osmond was thinking of, Ralph replied that he was quite of her opinion. Mrs. Touchett had always liked Mr. Osmond; she thought him so much of a gentleman. As he had never been an importunate visitor he had had no chance to be offensive, and he was recommended to Mrs. Touchett by his appearance of being as well able to do without her as she was to do without him—a quality that always excited her esteem. It gave her no satisfaction, however, to think that he had taken it into his head to marry her niece. Such an alliance, on Isabel's part, would have an air of almost morbid perversity. Mrs. Touchett easily remembered that the girl had refused an English peer; and that a young lady for whom Lord Warburton had not been up to the mark, should content herself with an obscure American dilettante, a middle-aged widower with an overgrown daughter and an income of nothing—this answered to nothing in Mrs. Touchett's conception of success. She took, it will be observed, not the sentimental, but the political, view of matrimony—a view which has always had much to

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

recommend it. "I trust she won't have the folly to listen to him," she said to her son; to which Ralph replied that Isabel's listening was one thing and her answering quite another. He knew that she had listened to others, but that she had made them listen to her in return; and he found much entertainment in the idea that, in these few months that he had known her, he should see a third suitor at her gate. She had wanted to see life, and fortune was serving her to her taste; a succession of gentlemen going down on their knees to her was by itself a respectable chapter of experience. Ralph looked forward to a fourth and a fifth *soupirant*; he had no conviction that she would stop at a third. She would keep the gate ajar and open a parley; she would certainly not allow number three to come in. He expressed this view, somewhat after this fashion, to his mother, who looked at him as if he had been dancing a jig. He had such a fanciful, pictorial way of saying things that he might as well address her in the deaf-mute's alphabet.

"I don't think I know what you mean," she said; "you use too many metaphors; I could never understand allegories. The two words in the language I most respect are Yes and No. If Isabel wants to marry Mr. Osmond, she will do so in spite of all your similes. Let her alone to find a favourable comparison for anything she undertakes. I know very little about the young man in America; I don't think she spends much of her time in thinking of him, and I suspect he has got tired of waiting for her. There is nothing in life to prevent her marrying Mr. Osmond if she only looks at him in a certain way. That is all very well; no one approves more than I of one's pleasing one's self. But she takes her pleasure in such odd things; she is capable of marrying Mr. Osmond for his opinions. She wants to be disinterested: as if she were the only person who is in danger of not being

so! Will he be so disinterested when he has the spending of her money? That was her idea before your father's death, and it has acquired new charms for her since. She ought to marry some one of whose disinterestedness she should be sure, herself; and there would be no such proof of that as his having a fortune of his own."

"My dear mother, I am not afraid," Ralph answered. "She is making fools of us all. She will please herself, of course; but she will do so by studying human nature and retaining her liberty. She has started on an exploring expedition, and I don't think she will change her course, at the outset, at a signal from Gilbert Osmond. She may have slackened speed for an hour, but before we know it she will be steaming away again. Excuse another metaphor."

Mrs. Touchett excused it perhaps, but she was not so much reassured as to withhold from Madame Merle the expression of her fears. "You who know everything," she said, "you must know this: whether that man is making love to my niece."

Madame Merle opened her expressive eyes, and with a brilliant smile—"Heaven help us!" she exclaimed; "that's an idea!"

"Has it never occurred to you?"

"You make me feel like a fool—but I confess it hasn't. I wonder," added Madame Merle, "whether it has occurred to her."

"I think I will ask her," said Mrs. Touchett.

Madame Merle reflected a moment. "Don't put it into her head. The thing would be to ask Mr. Osmond."

"I can't do that," said Mrs. Touchett; "it's none of my business."

"I will ask him myself," Madame Merle declared, bravely.

"It's none of yours, either."

"That's precisely why I can afford to ask him; it is so much less my business than any one's else that in me the question will not seem to him embarrassing."

"Pray let me know on the first day,

then," said Mrs. Touchett. "If I can't speak to him, at least I can speak to her."

"Don't be too quick with her; don't inflame her imagination."

"I never did anything to any one's imagination. But I am always sure she will do something I don't like."

"You wouldn't like this," Madame Merle observed, without the point of interrogation.

"Why should I, pray? Mr. Osmond has nothing to offer."

Again Madame Merle was silent, while her thoughtful smile drew up her mouth more than usual toward the left corner. "Let us distinguish. Gilbert Osmond is certainly not the first comer. He is a man who under favourable circumstances might very well make an impression. He has made an impression, to my knowledge, more than once."

"Don't tell me about his love-affairs; they are nothing to me!" Mrs. Touchett cried. "What you say is precisely why I wish he would cease his visits. He has nothing in the world that I know of but a dozen or two of early masters and a grown-up daughter."

"The early masters are worth a good deal of money," said Madame Merle, "and the daughter is a very young and very harmless person."

"In other words, she is an insipid school-girl. Is that what you mean? Having no fortune, she can't hope to marry, as they marry here; so that Isabel will have to furnish her either with a maintenance or with a dowry."

"Isabel probably would not object to being kind to her. I think she likes the child."

"Another reason for Mr. Osmond stopping at home! Otherwise, a week hence, we shall have Isabel arriving at the conviction that her mission in life is to prove that a stepmother may sacrifice herself—and that, to prove it, she must first become one."

"She would make a charming stepmother," said Madame Merle, smiling; "but I quite agree with you that she

had better not decide upon her mission too hastily. Changing one's mission is often awkward! I will investigate and report to you."

All this went on quite over Isabel's head; she had no suspicion that her relations with Mr. Osmond were being discussed. Madame Merle had said nothing to put her on her guard; she alluded no more pointedly to Mr. Osmond than to the other gentlemen of Florence, native and foreign, who came in considerable numbers to pay their respects to Miss Archer's aunt. Isabel thought him very pleasant; she liked to think of him. She had carried away an image from her visit to his hill-top which her subsequent knowledge of him did nothing to efface, and which happened to take her fancy particularly—the image of a quiet, clever, sensitive, distinguished man, strolling on a moss-grown terrace above the sweet Val d'Arno and holding by the hand a little girl whose sympathetic docility gave a new aspect to childhood. The picture was not brilliant, but she liked its lowliness of tone, and the atmosphere of summer twilight that pervaded it. It seemed to tell a story—a story of the sort that touched her most easily; to speak of a serious choice, a choice between things of a shallow, and things of a deep, interest; of a lonely, studious life in a lovely land; of an old sorrow that sometimes ached to-day; a feeling of pride that was perhaps exaggerated, but that had an element of nobleness; a care for beauty and perfection so natural and so cultivated together, that it had been the main occupation of a lifetime of which the arid places were watered with the sweet sense of a quaint, half-anxious, half-helpless fatherhood. At the Palazzo Crescen-tini Mr. Osmond's manner remained the same; shy at first, and full of the effort (visible only to a sympathetic eye) to overcome this disadvantage; an effort which usually resulted in a great deal of easy, lively, very positive, rather aggressive, and always effective, talk. Mr. Osmond's talk was not in-

jured by the indication of an eagerness to shine; Isabel found no difficulty in believing that a person was sincere who had so many of the signs of strong conviction—as for instance an explicit and graceful appreciation of anything that might be said on his own side, said perhaps by Miss Archer in particular. What continued to please this young lady was his extraordinary subtlety. There was such a fine intellectual intention in what he said, and the movement of his wit was like that of a quick-flashing blade. One day he brought his little daughter with him, and Isabel was delighted to renew acquaintance with the child, who, as she presented her forehead to be kissed by every member of the circle, reminded her vividly of an *ingénue* in a French play. Isabel had never seen a young girl of this pattern; American girls were very different—different too were the daughters of England. This young lady was so neat, so complete in her manner; and yet in character, as one could see, so innocent and infantine. She sat on the sofa, by Isabel; she wore a small grenadine mantle and a pair of the useful gloves that Madame Merle had given her—little grey gloves, with a single button. She was like a sheet of blank paper—the ideal *jeune fille* of foreign fiction. Isabel hoped that so fair and smooth a page would be covered with an edifying text.

The Countess Gemini also came to call upon her, but the Countess was quite another affair. She was by no means a blank sheet; she had been written over in a variety of hands, and Mrs. Touchett, who felt by no means honoured by her visit, declared that a number of unmistakable blots were to be seen upon her surface. The Countess Gemini was indeed the occasion of a slight discussion between the mistress of the house and the visitor from Rome, in which Madame Merle (who was not such a fool as to irritate people by always agreeing with them), availed herself humorously of that large license of dissent which her

hostess permitted as freely as she practised it. Mrs. Touchett had pronounced it a piece of audacity that the Countess Gemini should have presented herself at this time of day at the door of a house in which she was esteemed so little as she must long have known herself to be at the Palazzo Crescentini. Isabel had been made acquainted with the estimate which prevailed under this roof; it represented Mr. Osmond's sister as a kind of flighty reprobate. She had been married by her mother—a heartless featherhead like herself, with an appreciation of foreign titles which the daughter, to do her justice, had probably by this time thrown off—to an Italian nobleman who had perhaps given her some excuse for attempting to quench the consciousness of neglect. The Countess, however, had consoled herself too well, and it was notorious in Florence that she had consoled others also. Mrs. Touchett had never consented to receive her, though the Countess had made overtures of old. Florence was not an austere city; but, as Mrs. Touchett said, she had to draw the line somewhere.

Madame Merle defended the unhappy lady with a great deal of zeal and wit. She could not see why Mrs. Touchett should make a scapegoat of that poor Countess, who had really done no harm, who had only done good in the wrong way. One must certainly draw the line, but while one was about it one should draw it straight; it was a very crooked chalk-mark that would exclude the Countess Gemini. In that case Mrs. Touchett had better shut up her house; this perhaps would be the best course so long as she remained in Florence. One must be fair and not make arbitrary differences; the Countess had doubtless been imprudent; she had not been so clever as other women. She was a good creature, not clever at all; but since when had that been a ground of exclusion from the best society? It was a long time since one had heard

anything about her, and there could be no better proof of her having renounced the error of her ways than her desire to become a member of Mrs. Touchett's circle. Isabel could contribute nothing to this interesting dispute, not even a patient attention; she contented herself with having given a friendly welcome to the Countess Gemini, who, whatever her defects, had at least the merit of being Mr. Osmond's sister. As she liked the brother, Isabel thought it proper to try and like the sister; in spite of the growing perplexity of things she was still perfectly capable of these rather primitive sequences of feeling. She had not received the happiest impression of the Countess on meeting her at the villa, but she was thankful for an opportunity to repair this accident. Had not Mr. Osmond declared that she was a good woman? To have proceeded from Gilbert Osmond, this was rather a rough statement; but Madame Merle bestowed upon it a certain improving polish. She told Isabel more about the poor Countess than Mr. Osmond had done, and related the history of her marriage and its consequences. The Count was a member of an ancient Tuscan family, but so poor that he had been glad to accept Amy Osmond, in spite of her being no beauty, with the modest dowry her mother was able to offer—a sum about equivalent to that which had already formed her brother's share of their patrimony. Count Gemini, since then, however, had inherited money, and now they were well enough off, as Italians went, though Amy was horribly extravagant. The Count was a low-lived brute; he had given his wife every excuse. She had no children; she had lost three within a year of their birth. Her mother, who had pretensions to "culture," wrote descriptive poems, and corresponded on Italian subjects with the English weekly journals—her mother had died three years after the Countess's marriage, the father having died long before. One could see this

in Gilbert Osmond, Madame Merle thought—see that he had been brought up by a woman; though to do him justice one would suppose it had been by a more sensible woman than the American Corinne, as Mrs. Osmond liked to be called. She had brought her children to Italy after her husband's death, and Mrs. Touchett remembered her during the years that followed her arrival. She thought her a horrible snob; but this was an irregularity of judgment on Mrs. Touchett's part, for she, like Mr. Osmond, approved of political marriages. The Countess was very good company, and not such a fool as she seemed; one got on with her perfectly if one observed a single simple condition—that of not believing a word she said. Madame Merle had always made the best of her for her brother's sake; he always appreciated any kindness shown to Amy, because (if it had to be confessed for him), he was rather ashamed of her. Naturally, he couldn't like her style, her loudness, her want of repose. She displeased him; she acted on his nerves; she was not *his* sort of woman. What was his sort of woman? Oh, the opposite of the Countess, a woman who should always speak the truth. Isabel was unable to estimate the number of fibs her visitor had told her; the Countess indeed had given her an impression of rather silly sincerity. She had talked almost exclusively about herself; how much she should like to know Miss Archer; how thankful she should be for a real friend; how nasty the people in Florence were; how tired she was of the place; how much she should like to live somewhere else—in Paris, or London, or St. Petersburg; how impossible it was to get anything nice to wear in Italy, except a little old lace; how dear the world was growing everywhere; what a life of suffering and privation she had led. Madame Merle listened with interest to Isabel's account of her conversation with this plaintive butterfly; but she had not needed it, to feel exempt from

anxiety. On the whole, she was not afraid of the Countess, and she could afford to do what was altogether best—not to appear so.

Isabel had another visitor, whom it was not, even behind her back, so easy a matter to patronise. Henrietta Stackpole, who had left Paris after Mrs. Touchett's departure for San Remo and had worked her way down, as she said, through the cities of North Italy, arrived in Florence about the middle of May. Madame Merle surveyed her with a single glance, comprehended her, and, after a moment's concentrated reflection, determined to like her. She determined, indeed, to delight in her. To like her was impossible; but the intenser sentiment might be managed. Madame Merle managed it beautifully, and Isabel felt that in foreseeing this event she had done justice to her friend's breadth of mind. Henrietta's arrival had been announced by Mr. Bantling, who, coming down from Nice while she was at Venice, and expecting to find her in Florence, which she had not yet reached, came to the Palazzo Crescentini to express his disappointment. Henrietta's own advent occurred two days later, and produced in Mr. Bantling an emotion amply accounted for by the fact that he had not seen her since the termination of the episode at Versailles. The humorous view of his situation was generally taken, but it was openly expressed only by Ralph Touchett, who, in the privacy of his own apartment, when Bantling smoked a cigar there, indulged in Heaven knows what genial pleasantries on the subject of the incisive Miss Stackpole and her British ally. This gentleman took the joke in perfectly good part, and artlessly confessed that he regarded the affair as an intellectual flirtation. He liked Miss Stackpole extremely; he thought she had a wonderful head on her shoulders, and found great comfort in the society of a woman who was not perpetually thinking about what would be said

and how it would look. Miss Stackpole never cared how it looked, and if she didn't care, pray why should he? But his curiosity had been roused; he wanted awfully to see whether she ever would care. He was prepared to go as far as she—he did not see why he should stop first.

Henrietta showed no signs of stopping at all. Her prospects, as we know, had brightened upon her leaving England, and she was now in the full enjoyment of her copious resources. She had indeed been obliged to sacrifice her hopes with regard to the inner life; the social question, on the continent, bristled with difficulties even more numerous than those she had encountered in England. But on the continent there was the outer life, which was palpable and visible at every turn, and more easily convertible to literary uses than the customs of those opaque islanders. Out of doors, in foreign lands, as Miss Stackpole ingeniously remarked, one seemed to see the right side of the tapestry; out of doors, in England, one seemed to see the wrong side, which gave one no notion of the figure. It is mortifying to be obliged to confess it, but Henrietta, despairing of more occult things, was now paying much attention to the outer life. She had been studying it for two months at Venice, from which city she sent to the *Interviewer* a conscientious account of the gondolas, the Piazza, the Bridge of Sighs, the pigeons and the young boatman who chanted Tasso. The *Interviewer* was perhaps disappointed, but Henrietta was at least seeing Europe. Her present purpose was to get down to Rome before the malaria should come on—she apparently supposed that it began on a fixed day; and with this design she was to spend at present but few days in Florence. Mr. Bantling was to go with her to Rome, and she pointed out to Isabel that as he had been there before, as he was a military man, and as he had had a classical education—he was brought up at Eton, where they study

nothing but Latin, said Miss Stackpole—he would be a most useful companion in the city of the Caesars. At this juncture Ralph had the happy idea of proposing to Isabel that she also, under his own escort, should make a pilgrimage to Rome. She expected to pass a portion of the next winter there—that was very well; but meantime there was no harm in surveying the field. There were ten days left of the beautiful month of May—the most precious month of all to the true Rome-lover. Isabel would become a Rome-lover; that was a foregone conclusion. She was provided with a well-tested companion of her own sex, whose society, thanks to the fact that she had other calls upon her sympathy, would probably not be oppressive. Madame Merle would remain with Mrs. Touchett; she had left Rome for the summer and would not care to return. This lady professed herself delighted to be left at peace in Florence; she had locked up her apartment and sent her cook home to Palestrina. She urged Isabel, however, to assent to Ralph's proposal, and assured her that a good introduction to Rome was not a thing to be despised. Isabel, in truth, needed no urging, and the party of four arranged its little journey. Mrs. Touchett, on this occasion, had resigned herself to the absence of a duenna; we have seen that she now inclined to the belief that her niece should stand alone.

Isabel saw Gilbert Osmond before she started, and mentioned her intention to him.

"I should like to be in Rome with you," he said; "I should like to see you there."

She hesitated a moment.

"You might come, then."

"But you'll have a lot of people with you."

"Ah," Isabel admitted, "of course I shall not be alone."

For a moment he said nothing more.

"You'll like it," he went on, at last. "They have spoiled it, but you'll like it."

"Ought I to dislike it, because it's spoiled?" she asked.

"No, I think not. It has been spoiled so often. If I were to go, what should I do with my little girl?"

"Can't you leave her at the villa?"

"I don't know that I like that—though there is a very good old woman who looks after her. I can't afford a governess."

"Bring her with you, then," said Isabel, smiling.

Mr. Osmond looked grave.

"She has been in Rome all winter, at her convent; and she is too young to make journeys of pleasure."

"You don't like bringing her forward!" Isabel suggested.

"No, I think young girls should be kept out of the world."

"I was brought up on a different system."

"You? Oh, with you it succeeded, because you—you were exceptional."

"I don't see why," said Isabel, who, however, was not sure there was not some truth in the speech.

Mr. Osmond did not explain; he simply went on. "If I thought it would make her resemble you to join a social group in Rome, I would take her there to-morrow."

"Don't make her resemble me," said Isabel; "keep her like herself."

"I might send her to my sister," Mr. Osmond suggested. He had almost the air of asking advice; he seemed to like to talk over his domestic matters with Isabel.

"Yes," said the girl; "I think that would not do much towards making her resemble me!"

After she had left Florence, Gilbert Osmond met Madame Merle at the Countess Gemini's. There were other people present—the Countess's drawing room was usually well filled, and the talk had been general; but after a while Osmond left his place and came and sat on an ottoman half-behind, half-beside, Madame Merle's chair.

"She wants me to go to Rome with her," he announced, in a low tone of voice.

"To go with her?"

"To be there while she is there. She proposed it."

"I suppose you mean that you proposed it, and that she assented."

"Of course I gave her a chance. But she is encouraging—she is very encouraging."

"I am glad to hear it—but don't cry victory too soon. Of course you will go to Rome."

"Ah," said Osmond, "it makes one work, this idea of yours!"

"Don't pretend you don't enjoy it—you are very ungrateful. You have not been so well occupied these many years."

"The way you take it is beautiful," said Osmond. "I ought to be grateful for that."

"Not too much so, however," Madame Merle answered. She talked with her usual smile, leaning back in her chair, and looking round the room. "You have made a very good impression, and I have seen for myself that you have received one. You have not come to Mrs. Touchett's seven times to oblige me."

"The girl is not disagreeable," Osmond quietly remarked.

Madame Merle dropped her eye on him a moment, during which her lips closed with a certain firmness.

"Is that all you can find to say about that fine creature?"

"All? Isn't it enough? Of how many people have you heard me say more?"

She made no answer to this, but still presented her conversational smile to the room.

"You're unfathomable," she murmured at last. "I am frightened at the abyss I shall have dropped her into!"

Osmond gave a laugh.

"You can't draw back—you have gone too far."

"Very good; but you must do the rest yourself."

"I shall do it," said Osmond.

Madame Merle remained silent, and he changed his place again; but when

she rose to go he also took leave. Mrs. Touchett's victoria was awaiting her in the court, and after he had helped Madame Merle into it, he stood there detaining her.

"You are very indiscreet," she said, rather wearily; "you should not have moved when I did."

He had taken off his hat; he passed his hand over his forehead.

"I always forget; I am out of the habit."

"You are quite unfathomable," she repeated, glancing up at the windows of the house; a modern structure in the new part of the town.

He paid no heed to this remark, but said to Madame Merle, with a considerable appearance of earnestness—

"She is really very charming; I have scarcely known any one more graceful."

"I like to hear you say that. The better you like her, the better for me."

"I like her very much. She is all you said, and into the bargain she is capable of great devotion. She has only one fault."

"What is that?"

"She has too many ideas."

"I warned you she was clever."

"Fortunately they are very bad ones," said Osmond.

"Why is that fortunate?"

"*Dame*, if they must be sacrificed!"

Madame Merle leaned back, looking straight before her; then she spoke to the coachman. But Osmond again detained her.

"If I go to Rome, what shall I do with Pansy?"

"I will go and see her," said Madame Merle.

XXVI.

I SHALL not undertake to give an account of Isabel's impressions of Rome, to analyse her feelings as she trod the ancient pavement of the Forum, or to number her pulsations

as she crossed the threshold of St. Peter's. It is enough to say that her perception of the endless interest of the place was such as might have been expected in a young woman of her intelligence and culture. She had always been fond of history, and here was history in the stones of the street and the atoms of the sunshine. She had an imagination that kindled at the mention of great deeds, and wherever she turned some great deed had been acted. These things excited her, but she was quietly excited. It seemed to her companions that she spoke less than usual, and Ralph Touchett, when he appeared to be looking listlessly and awkwardly over her head, was really dropping an eye of observation upon her. To her own knowledge she was very happy; she would even have been willing to believe that these were to be on the whole the happiest hours of her life. The sense of the mighty human past was heavy upon her, but it was interfused in the strangest, suddenest, most capricious way, with the fresh, cool breath of the future. Her feelings were so mingled that she scarcely knew whither any of them would lead her, and she went about in a kind of repressed ecstasy of contemplation, seeing often in the things she looked at a great deal more than was there, and yet not seeing many of the items enumerated in *Murray*. Rome, as Ralph said, was in capital condition. The herd of re-echoing tourists had departed, and most of the solemn places had relapsed into solemnity. The sky was a blaze of blue, and the plash of the fountains, in their mossy niches, had lost its chill and doubled its music. On the corners of the warm, bright streets one stumbled upon bundles of flowers.

Our friends had gone one afternoon—it was the third of their stay—to look at the latest excavations in the Forum; these labours having been for some time previous largely extended. They had gone down from the modern street to the level of the Sacred Way, along which they wan-

dered with a reverence of step which was not the same on the part of each. Henrietta Stackpole was struck with the fact that ancient Rome had been paved a good deal like New York, and even found an analogy between the deep chariot-ruts which are traceable in the antique street, and the iron grooves which mark the course of the American horse-car. The sun had begun to sink, the air was filled with a golden haze, and the long shadows of broken column and formless pedestal were thrown across the field of ruin. Henrietta wandered away with Mr. Bantling, in whose Latin reminiscences she was apparently much engrossed, and Ralph addressed such elucidations as he was prepared to offer, to the attentive ear of our heroine. One of the humble archeologists who hover about the place had put himself at the disposal of the two, and repeated his lesson with a fluency which the decline of the season had done nothing to impair. Some digging was going on in a remote corner of the Forum, and he presently remarked that if it should please the *signori* to go and watch it a little, they might see something interesting. The proposal commended itself more to Ralph than to Isabel, who was weary with much wandering, so that she charged her companion to satisfy his curiosity while she patiently awaited his return. The hour and the place were much to her taste, and she should enjoy being alone. Ralph accordingly went off with the cicerone, while Isabel sat down on a prostrate column, near the foundations of the Capitol. She desired a quarter of an hour's solitude, but she was not long to enjoy it. Keen as was her interest in the rugged relics of the Roman past that lay scattered around her, and in which the corrosion of centuries had still left so much of individual life, her thoughts, after resting a while on these things, had wandered, by a concatenation of stages it might require some subtlety to trace, to regions and objects more contemporaneous. From the Roman

past to Isabel Archer's future was a long stride, but her imagination had taken it in a single flight, and now hovered in slow circles over the nearer and richer field. She was so absorbed in her thoughts, as she bent her eyes upon a row of cracked but not dislocated slabs covering the ground at her feet, that she had not heard the sound of approaching footsteps before a shadow was thrown across the line of her vision. She looked up and saw a gentleman—a gentleman who was not Ralph come back to say that the excavations were a bore. This personage was startled as she was startled; he stood there, smiling a little, blushing a good deal, and raising his hat.

"Lord Warburton!" Isabel exclaimed, getting up.

"I had no idea it was you," he said. "I turned that corner and came upon you."

Isabel looked about her.

"I am alone, but my companions have just left me. My cousin is gone to look at the digging over there."

"Ah yes; I see." And Lord Warburton's eyes wandered vaguely in the direction Isabel had indicated. He stood firmly before her; he had stopped smiling; he folded his arms with a kind of deliberation. "Don't let me disturb you," he went on, looking at her dejected pillar. "I am afraid you are tired."

"Yes, I am rather tired." She hesitated a moment, and then she sat down. "But don't let me interrupt you," she added.

"Oh dear, I am quite alone, I have nothing on earth to do. I had no idea you were in Rome. I have just come from the East. I am only passing through."

"You have been making a long journey," said Isabel, who had learned from Ralph that Lord Warburton was absent from England.

"Yes, I came abroad for six months—soon after I saw you last. I have been in Turkey and Asia Minor; I came the other day from Athens."

He spoke with visible embarrassment; this unexpected meeting caused him an emotion that he was unable to conceal. He looked at Isabel a moment, and then he said, abruptly—"Do you wish me to leave you, or will you let me stay a little?"

She looked up at him, gently. "I don't wish you to leave me, Lord Warburton; I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you for saying that. May I sit down?"

The fluted shaft on which Isabel had taken her seat would have afforded a resting-place to several persons, and there was plenty of room even for a highly-developed Englishman. This fine specimen of that great class seated himself near our young lady, and in the course of five minutes he had asked her several questions, taken rather at random, and of which, as he asked some of them twice over, he apparently did not always heed the answer; had given her, too, some information about himself which was not wasted upon her calmer feminine sense. Lord Warburton, though he tried hard to seem easy, was agitated; he repeated more than once that he had not expected to meet her, and it was evident that the encounter touched him in a way that would have made preparation advisable. He had abrupt alternations of gaiety and gravity; he appeared at one moment to seek his neighbour's eye and at the next to avoid it. He was splendidly sunburnt; even his multitudinous beard seemed to have been burnished by the fire of Asia. He was dressed in the loose-fitting, heterogeneous garments in which the English traveller in foreign lands is wont to consult his comfort and affirm his nationality; and with his clear grey eye, his bronzed complexion, fresh beneath its brownness, his manly figure, his modest manner, and his general air of being a gentleman and an explorer, he was such a representative of the British race as need not in any clime have been disavowed by those who have a kindness for it. Isabel noted these

things, and was glad she had always liked Lord Warburton. He was evidently as likeable as before, and the tone of his voice, which she had formerly thought delightful, was as good as an assurance that he would never change for the worse. They talked about the matters that were naturally in order; her uncle's death, Ralph's state of health, the way she had passed her winter, her visit to Rome, her return to Florence, her plans for the summer, the hotel she was staying at; and then Lord Warburton's own adventures, movements, intentions, impressions and present domicile. At last there was a silence, and she knew what he was thinking of. His eyes were fixed on the ground; but at last he raised them and said gravely—"I have written to you several times."

"Written to me? I have never got your letters."

"I never sent them. I burned them up."

"Ah," said Isabel with a laugh, "it was better that you should do that than I!"

"I thought you wouldn't care about them," he went on, with a simplicity that might have touched her. "It seemed to me that after all I had no right to trouble you with letters."

"I should have been very glad to have news of you. You know that I hoped that—that—" Isabel stopped; it seemed to her there would be a certain flatness in the utterance of her thought.

"I know what you are going to say. You hoped we should always remain good friends." This formula, as Lord Warburton uttered it, was certainly flat enough; but then he was interested in making it appear so.

Isabel found herself reduced simply to saying—"Please don't talk of all that;" a speech which hardly seemed to her an improvement on the other.

"It's a small consolation to allow me!" Lord Warburton exclaimed, with force.

"I can't pretend to console you,"

said the girl, who, as she sat there, found it good to think that she had given him the answer that had satisfied him so little six months before. He was pleasant, he was powerful, he was gallant, there was no better man than he. But her answer remained.

"It's very well you don't try to console me; it would not be in your power," she heard him say, through the medium of her quickened reflections.

"I hoped we should meet again, because I had no fear you would attempt to make me feel I had wronged you. But when you do that—the pain is greater than the pleasure." And Isabel got up, looking for her companions.

"I don't want to make you feel that; of course I can't say that. I only just want you to know one or two things, in fairness to myself as it were. I won't return to the subject again. I felt very strongly what I expressed to you last year; I couldn't think of anything else. I tried to forget—energetically, systematically. I tried to take an interest in some one else. I tell you this because I want you to know I did my duty. I didn't succeed. It was for the same purpose I went abroad—as far away as possible. They say travelling distracts the mind; but it didn't distract mine. I have thought of you perpetually, ever since I last saw you. I feel exactly the same. I love you just as much, and everything I said to you then is just as true. However, I don't mean to trouble you now; it's only for a moment. I may add that when I came upon you a moment since, without the smallest idea of seeing you, I was in the very act of wishing I knew where you were."

He had recovered his self-control, as I say, and while he spoke it became complete. He spoke plainly and simply, in a low tone of voice, in a matter-of-fact way. There might have been something impressive, even to a woman of less imagination than the one he addressed, in hearing this brilliant, brave-looking gentleman

express himself so modestly and reasonably.

"I have often thought of you, Lord Warburton," Isabel answered. "You may be sure I shall always do that." And then she added, with a smile—"There is no harm in that, on either side."

They walked along together, and she asked kindly about his sisters and requested him to let them know she had done so. He said nothing more about his own feelings, but returned to those more objective topics they had already touched upon. Presently he asked her when she was to leave Rome, and on her mentioning the limit of her stay, declared he was glad it was still so distant.

"Why do you say that, if you yourself are only passing through?" she inquired, with some anxiety.

"Ah, when I said I was passing through, I didn't mean that one would treat Rome as if it were Clapham Junction. To pass through Rome is to stop a week or two."

"Say frankly that you mean to stay as long as I do!"

Lord Warburton looked at her a moment, with an uncomfortable smile. "You won't like that. You are afraid you will see too much of me."

"It doesn't matter what I like. I certainly can't expect you to leave this delightful place on my account. But I confess I am afraid of you."

"Afraid I will begin again? I promise to be very careful."

They had gradually stopped, and they stood a moment face to face. "Poor Lord Warburton!" said Isabel, with a melancholy smile.

"Poor Lord Warburton, indeed! But I will be careful."

"You may be unhappy, but you shall not make me so. That I cannot allow."

"If I believed I *could* make you unhappy, I think I should try it." At this she walked in advance, and he also proceeded. "I will never say a word to displease you," he promised, very gently.

"Very good. If you do, our friendship's at an end."

"Perhaps some day—after a while—you will give me leave," he suggested.

"Give you leave—to make me unhappy?"

He hesitated. "To tell you again—" But he checked himself. "I will be silent," he said; "silent always."

Ralph Touchett had been joined, in his visit to the excavation, by Miss Stackpole and her attendant, and these three now emerged from among the mounds of earth and stone collected round the aperture, and came into sight of Isabel and her companion. Ralph Touchett gave signs of greeting to Lord Warburton, and Henrietta exclaimed in a high voice, "Gracious, there's that lord!" Ralph and his friend met each other with undemonstrative cordiality, and Miss Stackpole rested her large intellectual gaze upon the sunburnt traveller.

"I don't suppose you remember me, sir," she soon remarked.

"Indeed I do remember you," said Lord Warburton. "I asked you to come, and see me, and you never came."

"I don't go everywhere I am asked," Miss Stackpole answered, coldly.

"Ah well, I won't ask you again," said Warburton, good-humouredly.

"If you do I will go; so be sure!"

Lord Warburton, for all his good-humour, seemed sure enough. Mr. Bantling had stood by, without claiming a recognition, but he now took occasion to nod to his lordship, who answered him with a friendly "Oh, you here, Bantling!" and a hand-shake.

"Well," said Henrietta, "I didn't know you knew him!"

"I guess you don't know every one I know!" Mr. Bantling rejoined, facetiously.

"I thought that when an Englishman knew a lord he always told you."

"Ah, I am afraid Bantling was ashamed of me!" said Lord Warburton, laughing. Isabel was glad to hear him laugh; she gave a little sigh

of relief as they took their way homeward.

The next day was Sunday; she spent her morning writing two long letters—one to her sister Lily, the other to Madame Merle; but in neither of these epistles did she mention the fact that a rejected suitor had threatened her with another appeal. Of a Sunday afternoon all good Romans (and the best Romans are often the northern barbarians) follow the custom of going to hear vespers at St. Peter's; and it had been agreed among our friends that they would drive together to the great church. After lunch, an hour before the carriage came, Lord Warburton presented himself at the Hotel de Paris and paid a visit to the two ladies, Ralph Touchett and Mr. Bantling having gone out together. The visitor seemed to have wished to give Isabel an example of his intention to keep the promise he had made her the evening before; he was both discreet and frank; he made not even a tacit appeal, but left it for her to judge what a mere good friend he could be. He talked about his travels, about Persia, about Turkey, and when Miss Stackpole asked him whether it would "pay" for her to visit those countries, assured her that they offered a great field to female enterprise. Isabel did him justice, but she wondered what his purpose was, and what he expected to gain even by behaving heroically. If he expected to melt her by showing what a good fellow he was, he might spare himself the trouble. She knew already he was a good fellow, and nothing he could do would add to this conviction. Moreover, his being in Rome at all made her vaguely uneasy. Nevertheless, when on bringing his call to a close, he said that he too should be at St. Peter's and should look out for Isabel and her friends, she was obliged to reply that it would be a pleasure to see him again.

In the church, as she strolled over its tessellated acres, he was the first person she encountered. She had not

been one of the superior tourists who are "disappointed" in St. Peter's and find it smaller than its fame; the first time she passed beneath the huge leathern curtain that strains and bangs at the entrance—the first time she found herself beneath the far-arching dome and saw the light drizzle down through the air thickened with incense and with the reflections of marble and gilt, of mosaic and bronze, her conception of greatness received an extension. After this it never lacked space to soar. She gazed and wondered, like a child or a peasant, and paid her silent tribute to visible grandeur. Lord Warburton walked beside her and talked of Saint Sophia of Constantinople; she was afraid that he would end by calling attention to his exemplary conduct. The service had not yet begun, but at St. Peter's there is much to observe, and as there is something almost profane in the vastness of the place, which seems meant as much for physical as for spiritual exercise, the different figures and groups, the mingled worshippers and spectators, may follow their various intentions without mutual scandal. In that splendid immensity individual indiscretion carries but a short distance. Isabel and her companions, however, were guilty of none; for though Henrietta was obliged to declare that Michael Angelo's dome suffered by comparison with that of the Capitol at Washington, she addressed her protest chiefly to Mr. Bantling's ear, and reserved it, in its more accentuated form, for the columns of the *Interviewer*. Isabel made the circuit of the church with Lord Warburton, and as they drew near the choir on the left of the entrance, the voices of the Pope's singers were borne towards them over the heads of the large number of persons clustered outside of the doors. They paused a while on the skirts of this crowd, composed in equal measure of Roman cockneys and inquisitive strangers, and while they stood there the sacred concert went forward. Ralph, with

Henrietta and Mr. Bantling, was apparently within, where Isabel, above the heads of the dense group in front of her, saw the afternoon light, silvered by clouds of incense that seemed to mingle with the splendid chant, sloping through the embossed recesses of high windows. After a while the singing stopped, and then Lord Warburton seemed disposed to turn away again. Isabel for a moment did the same; whereupon she found herself confronted with Gilbert Osmond, who appeared to have been standing at a short distance behind her. He now approached, with a formal salutation.

"So you decided to come!" she said, putting out her hand.

"Yes, I came last night, and called this afternoon at your hotel. They told me you had come here, and I looked about for you."

"The others are inside," said Isabel.

"I didn't come for the others," Gilbert Osmond murmured, smiling.

She turned away; Lord Warburton was looking at them; perhaps he had heard this. Suddenly she remembered that it was just what he had said to her the morning he came to Garden-court to ask her to marry him. Mr. Osmond's words had brought the colour to her cheek, and this reminiscence had not the effect of dispelling it. Isabel sought refuge from her slight agitation in mentioning to each gentleman the name of the other, and fortunately at this moment Mr. Bantling made his way out of the choir, cleaving the crowd with British valour, and followed by Miss Stackpole and Ralph Touchett. I say fortunately, but this is perhaps a superficial view of the matter; for on perceiving the gentleman from Florence, Ralph Touchett exhibited symptoms of surprise which might not perhaps have seemed flattering to Mr. Osmond. It must be added, however, that these manifestations were momentary, and Ralph was presently able to say to his cousin, with due jocularity, that she would soon have all her friends about her. His greeting to Mr. Osmond was apparently

frank; that is, the two men shook hands and looked at each other. Miss Stackpole had met the new-comer in Florence, but she had already found occasion to say to Isabel that she liked him no better than her other admirers—than Mr. Touchett, Lord Warburton, and little Mr. Rosier, in Paris. "I don't know what it is in you," she had been pleased to remark, "but for a nice girl you do attract the most unpleasant people. Mr. Goodwood is the only one I have any respect for, and he's just the one you don't appreciate."

"What's your opinion of St. Peter's?" Mr. Osmond asked of Isabel.

"It's very large and very bright," said the girl.

"It's too large; it makes one feel like an atom."

"Is not that the right way to feel—in a church?" Isabel asked, with a faint but interested smile.

"I suppose it's the right way to feel everywhere, when one *is* nobody. But I like it in a church as little as anywhere else."

"You ought indeed to be a Pope!" Isabel exclaimed, remembering something he had said to her in Florence.

"Ah, I should have enjoyed that!" said Gilbert Osmond.

Lord Warburton meanwhile had joined Ralph Touchett, and the two strolled away together.

"Who is the gentleman speaking to Miss Archer?" his lordship inquired.

"His name is Gilbert Osmond—he lives in Florence," Ralph said.

"What is he besides?"

"Nothing at all. Oh yes, he is an American; but one forgets that; he is so little of one."

"Has he known Miss Archer long?"

"No, about a fortnight."

"Does she like him?"

"Yes, I think she does."

"Is he a good fellow?"

Ralph hesitated a moment. "No, he's not," he said, at last.

"Why then does she like him?" pursued Lord Warburton, with noble *naïveté*.

"Because she's a woman."

Lord Warburton was silent a moment. "There are other men who are good fellows," he presently said, "and them—and them——"

"And them she likes also!" Ralph interrupted, smiling.

"Oh, if you mean she likes him in that way!" And Lord Warburton turned round again. As far as he was concerned, however, the party was broken up. Isabel remained in conversation with the gentleman from Florence till they left the church, and her English lover consoled himself by lending such attention as he might to the strains which continued to proceed from the choir.

XXVII.

On the morrow, in the evening, Lord Warburton went again to see his friends at their hotel, and at this establishment he learned that they had gone to the opera. He drove to the opera, with the idea of paying them a visit in their box, in accordance with the time-honoured Italian custom; and after he had obtained his admittance—it was one of the secondary theatres—looked about the large, bare, ill-lighted house. An act had just terminated, and he was at liberty to pursue his quest. After scanning two or three tiers of boxes, he perceived in one of the largest of these receptacles a lady whom he easily recognised. Miss Archer was seated facing the stage, and partly screened by the curtain of the box; and beside her, leaning back in his chair, was Mr. Gilbert Osmond. They appeared to have the place to themselves, and Warburton supposed that their companions had taken advantage of the *entr'acte* to enjoy the relative coolness of the lobby. He stood a while watching the interesting pair in the box, and asking himself whether he should go up and interrupt their harmonious

colloquy. At last it became apparent that Isabel had seen him, and this accident determined him. He took his way to the upper regions, and on the staircase he met Ralph Touchett, slowly descending, with his hat in the attitude of *ennui* and his hands where they usually were.

"I saw you below a moment since, and was going down to you. I feel lonely and want company," Ralph remarked.

"You have some that is very good that you have deserted."

"Do you mean my cousin? Oh, she has got a visitor and doesn't want me. Then Miss Stackpole and Bantling have gone out to a café to eat an ice—Miss Stackpole delights in an ice. I didn't think they wanted me either. The opera is very bad; the women look like laundresses and sing like peacocks. I feel very low."

"You had better go home," Lord Warburton said, without affectation.

"And leave my young lady in this sad place? Ah no, I must watch over her."

"She seems to have plenty of friends."

"Yes, that's why I must watch," said Ralph, with the same low-voiced mock-melancholy.

"If she doesn't want you, it's probable she doesn't want me."

"No, you are different. Go to the box and stay there while I walk about."

Lord Warburton went to the box, where he received a very gracious welcome from the more attractive of its occupants. He exchanged greetings with Mr. Osmond, to whom he had been introduced the day before, and who, after he came in, sat very quietly, scarcely mingling in the somewhat disjointed talk in which Lord Warburton engaged with Isabel. It seemed to the latter gentleman that Miss Archer looked very pretty; he even thought she looked excited; as she was, however, at all times a keenly-glancing, quickly-moving, completely animated young woman, he

may have been mistaken on this point. Her talk with him betrayed little agitation; it expressed a kindness so ingenious and deliberate as to indicate that she was in undisturbed possession of her faculties. Poor Lord Warburton had moments of bewilderment. She had discouraged him, formally, as much as a woman could; what business had she then to have such soft, reassuring tones in her voice? The others came back; the bare, familiar, trivial opera began again. The box was large, and there was room for Lord Warburton to remain if he would sit a little behind, in the dark. He did so for half an hour, while Mr. Osmond sat in front, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, just behind Isabel. Lord Warburton heard nothing, and from his gloomy corner saw nothing but the clear profile of this young lady, defined against the dim illumination of the house. When there was another interval no one moved. Mr. Osmond talked to Isabel, and Lord Warburton remained in his corner. He did so but for a short time, however; after which he got up and bade good-night to the ladies. Isabel said nothing to detain him, and then he was puzzled again. Why had she so sweet a voice—such a friendly accent? He was angry with himself for being puzzled, and then angry for being angry. Verdi's music did little to comfort him, and he left the theatre and walked homeward, without knowing his way, through the tortuous, tragical streets of Rome, where heavier sorrows than his had been carried under the stars.

"What is the character of that gentleman?" Osmond asked of Isabel, after the visitor had gone.

"Irreproachable—don't you see it?"

"He owns about half England; that's his character," Henrietta remarked. "That's what they call a free country!"

"Ah, he is a great proprietor! Happy man!" said Gilbert Osmond.

"Do you call that happiness—the

ownership of human beings?" cried Miss Stackpole. "He owns his tenants, and he has thousands of them. It is pleasant to own something, but inanimate objects are enough for me. I don't insist on flesh and blood, and minds and consciences."

"It seems to me you own a human being or two," Mr. Bantling suggested jocosely. "I wonder if Warburton orders his tenants about as you do me."

"Lord Warburton is a great radical," Isabel said. "He has very advanced opinions."

"He has very advanced stone walls. His park is inclosed by a gigantic iron fence, some thirty miles round," Henrietta announced for the information of Mr. Osmond. "I should like him to converse with a few of our Boston radicals."

"Don't they approve of iron fences?" asked Mr. Bantling.

"Only to shut up wicked conservatives. I always feel as if I were talking to you over a fence!"

"Do you know him well, this un-reformed reformer?" Osmond went on, questioning Isabel.

"Well enough."

"Do you like him?"

"Very much."

"Is he a man of ability?"

"Of excellent ability, and as good as he looks."

"As good as he is good-looking do you mean? He is very good-looking. How detestably fortunate! to be a great English magnate, to be clever and handsome into the bargain, and, by way of finishing off, to win your admiration! That's a man I could envy."

Isabel gave a serious smile.

"You seem to me to be always envying some one. Yesterday it was the Pope; to-day it's poor Lord Warburton."

"My envy is not dangerous; it is very platonic. Why do you call him poor?"

"Women usually pity men after they have hurt them; that is their

great way of showing kindness," said Ralph, joining in the conversation for the first time, with a cynicism so transparently ingenious as to be virtually innocent.

"Pray, have I hurt Lord Warburton?" Isabel asked, raising her eyebrows, as if the idea were perfectly novel.

"It serves him right if you have," said Henrietta, while the curtain rose for the ballet.

Isabel saw no more of her attributive victim for the next twenty-four hours, but on the second day after the visit to the opera she encountered him in the gallery of the Capitol, where he was standing before the lion of the collection, the statue of the Dying Gladiator. She had come in with her companions, among whom, on this occasion again, Gilbert Osmond was numbered, and the party, having ascended the staircase, entered the first and finest of the rooms. Lord Warburton spoke to her with all his usual geniality, but said in a moment that he was leaving the gallery.

"And I am leaving Rome," he added. "I should bid you good-bye."

I shall not undertake to explain why, but Isabel was sorry to hear it. It was, perhaps, because she had ceased to be afraid of his renewing his suit; she was thinking of something else. She was on the point of saying she was sorry, but she checked herself and simply wished him a happy journey.

He looked at her with a somewhat heavy eye.

"I am afraid you think me rather inconsistent," he said. "I told you the other day that I wanted so much to stay a while."

"Oh no; you could easily change your mind."

"That's what I have done."

"*Bon voyage*, then."

"You're in a great hurry to get rid of me," said his lordship, rather dismally.

"Not in the least. But I hate partings."

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"You don't care what I do," he went on, pitifully.

Isabel looked at him for a moment.

"Ah," she said, "you are not keeping your promise!"

He coloured like a boy of fifteen.

"If I am not, then it's because I can't; and that's why I am going."

"Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye." He lingered still, however. "When shall I see you again?"

Isabel hesitated, and then, as if she had had a happy inspiration—"Some day after you are married."

"That will never be. It will be after you are."

"That will do as well," said Isabel, smiling.

"Yes, quite as well. Good-bye."

They shook hands, and he left her alone in the beautiful room, among the shining antique marbles. She sat down in the middle of the circle of statues, looking at them vaguely, resting her eyes on their beautiful blank faces; listening, as it were, to their eternal silence. It is impossible, in Rome at least, to look long at a great company of Greek sculptures without feeling the effect of their noble quietude. It soothes and moderates the spirit, it purifies the imagination. I say in Rome especially, because the Roman air is an exquisite medium for such impressions. The golden sunshine mingles with them, the great stillness of the past, so vivid yet, though it is nothing but a void full of names, seems to throw a solemn spell upon them. The blinds were partly closed in the windows of the Capitol, and a clear, warm shadow rested on the figures and made them more perfectly human. Isabel sat there a long time, under the charm of their motionless grace, seeing life between their gazing eyelids and purpose in their marble lips. The dark red walls of the room threw them into relief; the polished marble floor reflected their beauty. She had seen them all before, but her enjoyment repeated itself, and it was all the greater because she was

glad, for the time, to be alone. At the last her thoughts wandered away from them, solicited by images of a vitality more complete. An occasional tourist came into the room, stopped and stared a moment at the Dying Gladiator, and then passed out of the other door, creaking over the brilliant pavement. At the end of half an hour Gilbert Osmond reappeared, apparently in advance of his companions. He strolled towards her slowly, with his hands behind him, and with his usual keen, pleasant, inquiring, yet not appealing smile.

"I am surprised to find you alone," he said. "I thought you had company."

"So I have — the best." And Isabel glanced at the circle of sculpture.

"Do you call this better company than an English peer?"

"Ah, my English peer left me some time ago," said Isabel, getting up. She spoke, with intention, a little dryly.

Mr. Osmond noted her dryness, but it did not prevent him from giving a laugh.

"I am afraid that what I heard the other evening is true; you are rather cruel to that nobleman."

Isabel looked a moment at the Lycian Apollo.

"It is not true. I am scrupulously kind."

"That's exactly what I mean!" Gilbert Osmond exclaimed, so humorously that his joke needs to be explained.

We knew that he was fond of originals, of rarities, of the superior, the exquisite; and now that he had seen Lord Warburton, whom he thought a very fine example of his race and order, he perceived a new attraction in the idea of taking to himself a young lady who had qualified herself to figure in his collection of choice objects by rejecting the splendid offer of a British aristocrat. Gilbert Osmond had a high appreciation of the British aristocracy — he had never

forgiven Providence for not making him an English duke — and could measure the unexpectedness of this conduct. It would be proper that the woman he should marry should have done something of that sort.

XXVIII.

RALPH TOUCHETT, for reasons best known to himself, had seen fit to say that Gilbert Osmond was not a good fellow; but this assertion was not borne out by the gentleman's conduct during the rest of the visit to Rome. He spent a portion of each day with Isabel and her companions, and gave every indication of being an easy man to live with. It was impossible not to feel that he had excellent points, and indeed this is perhaps why Ralph Touchett made his want of good fellowship a reproach to him. Even Ralph was obliged to admit that just now he was a delightful companion. His good-humour was imperturbable, his knowledge universal, his manners were the gentlest in the world. His spirits were not visibly high; it was difficult to think of Gilbert Osmond as boisterous; he had a mortal dislike to loudness or eagerness. He thought Miss Archer sometimes too eager, too pronounced. It was a pity she had that fault; because if she had not had it she would really have had none; she would have been as bright and soft as an April cloud. If Osmond was not loud, however, he was deep, and during these closing days of the Roman May he had a gaiety that matched with slow irregular walks under the pines of the Villa Borghese, among the small sweet meadow-flowers and the mossy marbles. He was pleased with everything; he had never before been pleased with so many things at once. Old impressions, old enjoyments renewed themselves; one evening, going home to his room at the inn, he wrote down a little sonnet to which he prefixed the title of "Rome Revisited." A day or two

later he showed this piece of correct and ingenious verse to Isabel, explaining to her that it was an Italian fashion to commemorate the pleasant occasions of life by a tribute to the muse. In general Osmond took his pleasures singly; he was usually disgusted with something that seemed to him ugly or offensive; his mind was rarely visited with moods of comprehensive satisfaction. But at present he was happy—happier than he had perhaps ever been in his life; and the feeling had a large foundation. This was simply the sense of success—the most agreeable emotion of the human heart. Osmond had never had too much of it; in this respect he had never been spoiled; as he knew perfectly well and often reminded himself. "Ah no, I have not been spoiled; certainly I have not been spoiled," he used to repeat to himself. "If I do succeed before I die, I shall have earned it well." Absolutely void of success his career had not been; a very moderate amount of reflection would have assured him of this. But his triumphs were, some of them, now, too old; others had been too easy. The present one had been less difficult than might have been expected; but it had been easy—that is, it had been rapid—only because he had made an altogether exceptional effort, a greater effort than he had believed it was in him to make. The desire to succeed greatly—in something or other—had been the dream of his youth; but as the years went on, the conditions attached to success became so various and repulsive that the idea of making an effort gradually lost its charm. It was not dead, however; it only slept; it revived after he had made the acquaintance of Isabel Archer. Osmond had felt that any enterprise in which the chance of failure was at all considerable would never have an attraction for him; to fail would have been unspeakably odious, would have left an ineffaceable stain upon his life. Success was to seem in advance definitely certain—certain, that is, on this

one condition, that the effort should be an agreeable one to make. That of exciting an interest on the part of Isabel Archer corresponded to this description, for the girl had pleased him from the first of his seeing her. We have seen that she thought him "fine"; and Gilbert Osmond returned the compliment. We have also seen (or heard) that he had a great dread of vulgarity, and on this score his mind was at rest with regard to our young lady. He was not afraid that she would disgust him or irritate him; he had no fear that she would even, in the more special sense of the word, displease him. If she were too eager, she could be taught to be less so; that was a fault which diminished with growing knowledge. She might defy him, she might anger him; this was another matter from displeasing him, and on the whole a less serious one. If a woman were ungraceful and common, her whole quality was vitiated, and one could take no precautions against that; one's own delicacy would avail little. If, however, she were only wilful and high-tempered, the defect might be managed with comparative ease; for had one not a will of one's own that one had been keeping for years in the best condition—as pure and keen as a sword protected by its sheath?

Though I have tried to speak with extreme discretion, the reader may have gathered a suspicion that Gilbert Osmond was not untainted by selfishness. This is rather a coarse imputation to put upon a man of his refinement; and it behoves us at all times to remember the familiar proverb about those who live in glass houses. If Mr. Osmond was more selfish than most of his fellows, the fact will still establish itself. Lest it should fail to do so, I must decline to commit myself to an accusation so gross; the more especially as several of the items of our story would seem to point the other way. It is well known that there are few indications of selfishness more conclusive (on the part of a

gentleman at least) than the preference for a single life. Gilbert Osmond, after having tasted of matrimony, had spent a succession of years in the full enjoyment of recovered singleness. He was familiar with the simplicity of purpose, the lonely liberties, of bachelorhood. He had reached that period of life when it is supposed to be doubly difficult to renounce these liberties, endeared as they are by long association; and yet he was prepared to make the generous sacrifice. It would seem that this might fairly be set down to the credit of the noblest of our qualities—the faculty of self-devotion. Certain it is that Osmond's desire to marry had been deep and distinct. It had not been notorious; he had not gone about asking people whether they knew a nice girl with a little money. Money was an object; but this was not his manner of proceeding, and no one knew—or even greatly cared—whether he wished to marry or not. Madame Merle knew—that we have already perceived. It was not that he had told her; on the whole he would not have cared to tell her. But there were things of which she had no need to be told—things as to which she had a sort of creative intuition. She had recognised a truth that was none the less pertinent for being very subtle: the truth that there was something very imperfect in Osmond's situation as it stood. He was a failure, of course; that was an old story; to Madame Merle's perception he would always be a failure. But there were degrees of ineffectiveness, and there was no need of taking one of the highest. Success, for Gilbert Osmond, would be to make himself felt; that was the only success to which he could now pretend. It is not a kind of distinction that is officially recognised—unless indeed the operation be performed upon multitudes of men. Osmond's line would be to impress himself not largely but deeply; a distinction of the most private sort. A single character might offer the whole measure of it; the

clear and sensitive nature of a generous girl would make space for the record. The record of course would be complete if the young lady should have a fortune, and Madame Merle would have taken no pains to make Mr. Osmond acquainted with Mrs. Touchett's niece if Isabel had been as scantily dowered as when first she met her. He had waited all these years because he wanted only the best, and a portionless bride naturally would not have been the best. He had waited so long in vain that he finally almost lost his interest in the subject—not having kept it up by venturesome experiments. It had become improbable that the best was now to be had, and if he wished to make himself felt, there was soft and supple little Pansy, who would evidently respond to the slightest pressure. When at last the best did present itself Osmond recognised it like a gentleman. There was therefore no incongruity in his wishing to marry—it was his own idea of success, as well as that which Madame Merle, with her old-time interest in his affairs, entertained for him. Let it not, however, be supposed that he was guilty [of the error of believing that Isabel's character was of that passive sort which offers a free field for domination. He was sure that she would constantly act—act in the sense of enthusiastic concession.

Shortly before the time which had been fixed in advance for her return to Florence, this young lady received from Mrs. Touchett a telegram which ran as follows:—"Leave Florence 4th June, Bellaggio, and take you if you have not other views. But can't wait if you dawdle in Rome." The dawdling in Rome was very pleasant, but Isabel had no other views, and she wrote to her aunt that she would immediately join her. She told Gilbert Osmond that she had done so, and he replied that, spending his summers as well as his winters in Italy, he himself would loiter a little longer among the Seven Hills. He would not return to

Florence for ten days more, and in that time she would have started for Bellaggio. It might be long, in this case, before he should see her again. This conversation took place in the large decorated sitting-room which our friends occupied at the hotel; it was late in the evening, and Ralph Touchett was to take his cousin back to Florence on the morrow. Osmond had found the girl alone; Miss Stackpole had contracted a friendship with a delightful American family on the fourth floor, and had mounted the interminable staircase to pay them a visit. Miss Stackpole contracted friendships, in travelling, with great freedom, and had formed several in railway-carriages, which were among her most valued ties. Ralph was making arrangements for the morrow's journey, and Isabel sat alone in a wilderness of yellow upholstery—the chairs and sofas were orange; the walls and windows were draped in purple and gilt. The mirrors, the pictures, had great flamboyant frames; the ceiling was deeply vaulted and painted over with naked muses and cherubs. To Osmond the place was painfully ugly; the false colours, the sham splendour, made him suffer. Isabel had taken in hand a volume of Ampère, presented, on their arrival in Rome, by Ralph; but though she held it in her lap with her finger vaguely kept in the place, she was not impatient to go on with her reading. A lamp covered with a drooping veil of pink tissue-paper burned on the table beside her, and diffused a strange pale rosiness over the scene.

"You say you will come back; but who knows?" Gilbert Osmond said. "I think you are much more likely to start on your voyage round the world. You are under no obligation to come back; you can do exactly what you choose; you can roam through space."

"Well, Italy is a part of space," Isabel answered; "I can take it on the way."

"On the way round the world? No, don't do that. Don't put us into a

parenthesis—give us a chapter to ourselves. I don't want to see you on your travels. I would rather see you when they are over. I should like to see you when you are tired and satiated," Osmond added, in a moment. "I shall prefer you in that state."

Isabel, with her eyes bent down, fingered her volume of M. Ampère a little.

"You turn things into ridicule without seeming to do it, though not, I think, without intending it," she said at last. "You have no respect for my travels—you think them ridiculous."

"Where do you find that?"

Isabel went on in the same tone, fretting the edge of her book with the paper-knife.

"You see my ignorance, my blunders, the way I wander about as if the world belonged to me, simply because—because it has been put into my power to do so. You don't think a woman ought to do that. You think it bold and ungraceful."

"I think it beautiful," said Osmond. "You know my opinions—I have treated you to enough of them. Don't you remember my telling you that one ought to make one's life a work of art? You looked rather shocked at first; but then I told you that it was exactly what you seemed to me to be trying to do with your own life."

Isabel looked up from her book.

"What you despise most in the world is bad art."

"Possibly. But yours seem to me very good."

"If I were to go to Japan next winter, you would laugh at me," Isabel continued.

Osmond gave a smile—a keen one, but not a laugh, for the tone of her conversation was not jocular. Isabel was almost tremulously serious; he had seen her so before.

"You have an imagination that startles one!"

"That is exactly what I say. You think such an idea absurd."

"I would give my little finger to go to Japan; it is one of the countries I want most to see. Can't you believe that, with my taste for old lacquer?"

"I haven't a taste for old lacquer to excuse me," said Isabel.

"You have a better excuse—the means of going. You are quite wrong in your theory that I laugh at you. I don't know what put it into your head."

"It wouldn't be remarkable if you did think it ridiculous that I should have the means to travel, when you have not; for you know everything, and I know nothing."

"The more reason why you should travel and learn," said Osmond, smiling. "Besides," he added, more gravely, "I don't know everything."

Isabel was not struck with the oddity of his saying this gravely; she was thinking that the pleasantest incident of her life—so it pleased her to qualify her little visit to Rome—was coming to an end. That most of the interest of this episode had been owing to Mr. Osmond—this reflection she was not just now at pains to make; she had already done the point abundant justice. But she said to herself that if there were a danger that they should not meet again, perhaps after all it would be as well. Happy things do not repeat themselves, and these few days had been interfused with the element of success. She might come back to Italy and find him different—this strange man who pleased her just as he was; and it would be better not to come than run the risk of that. But if she was not to come, the greater was the pity that this happy week was over; for a moment she felt her heart throb with a kind of delicious pain. The sensation kept her silent, and Gilbert Osmond was silent too; he was looking at her.

"Go everywhere," he said at last, in a low, kind voice; "do everything; get everything out of life. Be happy—be triumphant."

"What do you mean by being triumphant?"

"Doing what you like."

"To triumph, then, it seems to me, is to fail! Doing what we like is often very tiresome."

"Exactly," said Osmond, with his quick responsiveness. "As I intimated just now, you will be tired some day." He paused a moment, and then he went on: "I don't know whether I had better not wait till then for something I wish to say to you."

"Ah, I can't advise you without knowing what it is. But I am horrid when I am tired," Isabel added, with due inconsequence.

"I don't believe that. You are angry, sometimes—that I can believe, though I have never seen it. But I am sure you are never disagreeable."

"Not even when I lose my temper?"

"You don't lose it—you find it, and that must be beautiful." Osmond spoke very simply—almost solemnly. "There must be something very noble about that."

"If I could only find it now!" the girl exclaimed, laughing, yet frowning.

"I am not afraid; I should fold my arms and admire you. I am speaking very seriously." He was leaning forward, with a hand on each knee; for some moments he bent his eyes on the floor. "What I wish to say to you," he went on at last, looking up, "is that I find I am in love with you."

Isabel instantly rose from her chair.

"Ah, keep that till I am tired!" she murmured.

"Tired of hearing it from others?" And Osmond sat there, looking up at her. "No, you may heed it now, or never, as you please. But, after all, I must say it now."

She had turned away, but in the movement she had stopped herself and dropped her gaze upon him. The two remained a moment in this situation, exchanging a long look—the large, clear look of the critical hours

of life. Then he got up and came near her, deeply respectful, as if he were afraid he had been too familiar.

"I am completely in love with you."

He repeated the announcement in a tone of almost impersonal discretion; like a man who expected very little from it, but spoke for his own relief.

The tears came into Isabel's eyes—they were caused by an intenser throb of that pleasant pain I spoke of a moment ago. There was an immense sweetness in the words he had uttered; but, morally speaking, she retreated before them—facing him still—as she had retreated in two or three cases that we know of in which the same words had been spoken.

"Oh, don't say that, please," she answered at last, in a tone of entreaty which had nothing of conventional modesty, but which expressed the dread of having, in this case too, to choose and decide. What made her dread great was precisely the force which, as it would seem, ought to have banished all dread—the consciousness of what was in her own heart. It was terrible to have to surrender herself to that.

"I haven't the idea that it will matter much to you," said Osmond. "I have too little to offer you. What I have—it's enough for me; but it's not enough for you. I have neither fortune, nor fame, nor extrinsic advantages of any kind. So I offer nothing. I only tell you because I think it can't offend you, and some day or other it may give you pleasure. It gives me pleasure, I assure you," he went on, standing there before her, bending forward a little, turning his hat, which he had taken up, slowly round, with a movement which had all the decent tremor of awkwardness and none of its oddity, and presenting to her his keen, expressive, emphatic face. "It gives me no pain, because it is perfectly simple. For me you will always be the most important woman in the world."

Isabel looked at herself in this character—looked intently, and thought that she filled it with a certain grace. But what she said was not an expression of this complacency. "You don't offend me; but you ought to remember that, without being offended, one may be incommoded, troubled." "Incommoded": she heard herself saying that, and thought it a ridiculous word. But it was the word that came to her.

"I remember, perfectly. Of course you are surprised and startled. But if it is nothing but that, it will pass away. And it will perhaps leave something that I may not be ashamed of."

"I don't know what it may leave. You see at all events that I am not overwhelmed," said Isabel, with rather a pale smile. "I am not too troubled to think. And I think that I am glad we are separating—that I leave Rome to-morrow."

"Of course I don't agree with you there."

"I don't know you," said Isabel, abruptly; and then she coloured, as she heard herself saying what she had said almost a year before to Lord Warburton.

"If you were not going away you would know me better."

"I shall do that some other time."

"I hope so. I am very easy to know."

"No, no," said the girl, with a flash of bright eagerness; "there you are not sincere. You are not easy to know; no one could be less so."

"Well," Osmond answered, with a laugh, "I said that because I know myself. That may be a boast, but I do."

"Very likely; but you are very wise."

"So are you, Miss Archer!" Osmond exclaimed.

"I don't feel so just now. Still, I am wise enough to think you had better go. Good-night."

"God bless you!" said Gilbert

Osmond, taking the hand which she failed to surrender to him. And then in a moment he added, "If we meet again, you will find me as you leave me. If we don't, I shall be so, all the same."

"Thank you very much. Good-bye."

There was something quietly firm about Isabel's visitor; he might go of his own movement, but he would not be dismissed. "There is one thing more," he said. "I haven't asked anything of you—not even a thought in the future; you must do me that justice. But there is a little service I should like to ask. I shall not return home for several days; Rome is delightful, and it is a good place for a man in my state of mind. Oh, I know you are sorry to leave it; but you are right to do what your aunt wishes."

"She doesn't even wish it!" Isabel broke out, strangely.

Osmond for a moment was apparently on the point of saying something that would match these words. But he changed his mind, and rejoined, simply—"Ah well, it's proper you should go with her, all the same. Do everything that's proper; I go in for that. Excuse my being so patronising. You say you don't know me; but when you do you will discover what a worship I have for propriety."

"You are not conventional?" said Isabel, very gravely.

"I like the way you utter that word! No, I am not conventional: I am convention itself. You don't understand that?" And Osmond paused a moment, smiling. "I should like to explain it." Then, with a

sudden, quick, bright naturalness—"Do come back again!" he cried. "There are so many things we might talk about."

Isabel stood there with lowered eyes. "What service did you speak of just now?"

"Go and see my little daughter before you leave Florence. She is alone at the villa; I decided not to send her to my sister, who hasn't my ideas. Tell her she must love her poor father very much," said Gilbert Osmond, gently.

"It will be a great pleasure to me to go," Isabel answered. "I will tell her what you say. Once more, good-bye."

On this he took a rapid, respectful leave. When he had gone, she stood a moment, looking about her, and then she seated herself, slowly, with an air of deliberation. She sat there till her companions came back, with folded hands, gazing at the ugly carpet. Her agitation—for it had not diminished—was very still, very deep. That which had happened was something that for a week past her imagination had been going forward to meet; but here, when it had come, she stopped—her imagination halted. The working of this young lady's spirit was strange, and I can only give it to you as I see it, not hoping to make it seem altogether natural. Her imagination stopped, as I say; there was a last vague space it could not cross—a dusky, uncertain tract which looked ambiguous, and even slightly treacherous, like a moorland seen in the winter twilight. But she was to cross it yet.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT SOCIETY.

ON Saturday, July 3, 1880, was celebrated the second birthday of a musical society which, as it differs in its essential features from any other existing association of the kind, may be called unique among musical societies. Many, at the present day, are the undertakings started for the benefit of the poor, the reformation, or recreation, or edification of the working man. Many, on the other hand, are the concert-schemes that come into existence, sometimes flourish, more often die out. Of many it may be said that they are speculating bazaars of foreign fancy goods, to attract the curious and to invite the highest bidder; others have become permanent institutions, where the finest music in the world, splendidly performed, may be heard—by those who can afford it. Good concerts, however, are, from a variety of causes, especially expensive luxuries here. Practically, they exist only for well-to-do people; they are exotics, or a form of art-collection, kept under lock and key. The very name "people's concerts," applied latterly to certain musical performances given at low prices, shows plainly that, till now, our concerts have not been intended for the people, and have had no reference to them. "The people" are those who cannot afford to pay the price which high-class amusement in our cities commands.

The masterpieces of the sister arts and of literature have been made accessible to all, and at any time, by means of museums and libraries, art-galleries and public buildings. But those who would do the like for music find it a more complicated matter. It cannot be permanently located, caught, caged, and imprisoned within four walls, nor yet subjected to unchanging conditions of any kind.

Its existence is dual. The body may be preserved, bound in morocco or vellum, embalmed in a glass coffin for all to gaze upon, but the soul eludes the collector's grasp, and appears only from time to time, in response to certain incantations. Like an enchanted princess in a fairy-tale, she resumes her human shape at three, or eight, or whatever the concert hour may be, and vanishes with the last note. No wonder that some of those mortals who have been blest with the sight of this beautiful vision should long to obtain a few glimpses for those of their fellow-men who cannot pay the exorbitant fee for one look. Something of this feeling it was which, four or five years ago, prompted certain persons, connected with the "Harrow Music School," to organise a few cheap, or free, concerts "for the people." Of these, some were given in the schoolroom of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, by permission of the Rev. S. A. Barnett; others, for two consecutive seasons, at the Co-operative Institute, in Castle Street, under the practical management of Mr. Clement Templeton, honorary secretary, at that time, of the Harrow Music School. The object of that "School" is to popularise good music by means of short selections from the instrumental works of the great masters; accordingly, there were performed several trios, quartets, and quintets, by such composers as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Mendelssohn, but broken up into single movements, and interspersed with instrumental solos, songs, glees, and part-songs. The Whitechapel concerts were on Sunday evenings, were free, and always numerously attended. At Castle Street there were

small charges for admission, and though the people who did come evinced a hearty enjoyment of the music, the hall, which holds about 600, was rarely more than half full. This was not enough to make the enterprise self-supporting, or even nearly so, especially as the string-players were professional and regularly engaged. Good reason had been shown why the concerts should continue to exist, but they could not do this at the charge of one or two individuals, however enthusiastic and devoted. Incited, however, by them, a handful of people formed themselves into the "People's Concert Society," which was founded at a meeting held at the rooms of the Social Science Association, in June 1878, the Rev. Mr. Barnett in the chair, and which, following in the steps of the "Harrow Music School," adopted as its password "the popularization of the best music by means of cheap concerts." A committee was elected, with the Hon. Norman Grosvenor as chairman, and Mr. Templeton as honorary secretary, and operations were commenced in the following autumn with two sets of six concerts each; one (admission 3d.) at the "Eleusis" Working-men's Club in Chelsea, the other (free) on Sunday evenings at St. Jude's, Whitechapel.

A good start was made at Chelsea; but, after the first two concerts, there was such a falling off in the attendance as to discourage the concert-givers. Owing, however, to the assurances they received that this was due entirely to the bad times among workmen, which made a threepenny entrance-fee prohibitive, it was decided to give, at the conclusion of the series, one extra (free) concert, to see whether the people cared enough for the music to come and hear it when they had not to pay. The result left no doubt on this point. In spite of the failure, at the last moment, of a principal singer, the evening was a complete success. The hall was quite full, many people standing the whole time; piece after piece was loudly

applauded, and the last number in the programme, a Rondo from a string quartet of Spohr's, played by amateurs, was persistently encored. The hall was, however, very unfavourable to music, and partly owing to this, partly to difficulties in matters of arrangement, it was, after this season, abandoned by the society.

The Whitechapel schoolroom held about 200, and was always full, so much so that on one or two occasions people had to sit on the edge of the platform. After each concert, a voluntary collection towards expenses was made, of which the average result was three halfpence per head. The people here were even more warmly demonstrative than at Chelsea, encores being frequent, quite as much for instrumental pieces as for songs; while, to judge from the applause bestowed on the final numbers in the programmes, the concerts were never too long, nor even long enough, for the audiences. In this respect, it must be confessed, they are seriously unlike the cultivated æsthetic West-end audiences who set the fashion in such matters.

One other difference is very remarkable. The "People" do not appear to care to talk while music is going on. They are, as a rule, quiet and attentive, apparently absorbed, during instrumental as well as vocal performances. To this we only remember two exceptions (in two years, that is), and the conversation on these occasions, evidently to the point, and all about the matter in hand, was carried on quite as continuously and about as loudly as we hear it in opera-boxes, and in the "sofa" and other stalls at some very "select" concert-rooms, those portions of them, more especially, which are reserved for critics. In one case the audience *en masse* showed its sense of rhythm by stamping the time throughout the finale to the "Kreutzer" Sonata. Both at Whitechapel and Chelsea, too, the "cry of the children" occasionally broke in on the sweet sounds; but it is worth remarking that this rarely or never

happens during an instrumental piece, the babies seeming to respond naturally to the human voice!

Mr. Barnett has testified to the pleasure taken by his people in the music of which, be it observed, they had now had three seasons' experience. Of its indirect power as a moral agency he gave a remarkable instance: "A man came to me asking where he could hear a repetition of the music he had heard at the concert. He was, he said, a drunkard, but the music had come to him with a strange power, and made him long to be sober."

Intelligent interest of another kind was not absent. Among these Whitechapel people there were musicians. It chanced on one occasion that the violoncellist's instrument did not arrive. This was doubly awkward on a Sunday evening when all shops were shut and there was no possibility of hiring an instrument in a hurry. After some consultation, during which the audience began to show signs of impatience, it occurred to Mr. Grosvenor to apologize, from the platform, for the delay, and to ask if by chance any person present could lay hands on a violoncello. The call was no sooner made than responded to, and in less than a quarter of an hour two 'cellos made their appearance, one, the accepted one, borne in triumph enveloped in a parti-coloured tablecloth. On this instrument the violoncellist (a professional), played throughout the concert, and though it certainly was not a "Guarnerius" or "Ruggierius," it was fit to play on, and did its part creditably. Where was it in the habit of performing, and to what music had it been accustomed? On this occasion it took part in Beethoven's own arrangement of his Septet as a trio for clarinet, violoncello, and pianoforte; let us hope that after such a baptism it never reverted to anything lower.

The success of their first season encouraged the Society to begin a second with four centres instead of

two. There were two sets of programmes, each of which was performed in two places: one in the Chelsea Vestry Hall, and (by permission of the Rev. W. Rogers) in Skinner Street Schoolroom, Bishopsgate,—both large halls, capable of holding 800 or 900 people; the other in the schoolroom of St. Peter's, Hatton Garden, and in the Mission Room, Rackham Street, Notting Hill. Of these four centres the first two answered best. The Chelsea audience, though not crowded, was fairly regular, but contained only a small proportion of working men, seeming to consist mainly of well-dressed people of the lower middle class, inclined to be critical and somewhat capricious, though enthusiastic at times.¹

At Bishopsgate, where "organisation" is carried to a high degree of perfection, and the scheme was actively worked by a local committee, there were people of all sorts, and certainly no lack of applause. It was strange, though, how these two audiences evinced different tastes; some music and some performers who made great "hits" at Chelsea, falling flat at Bishopsgate, and *vice versa*. At the last concert of the series (in each place) the experiment was tried of giving Mozart's clarinet quintet in its entirety, but distributed over the programme in three divisions, other music, songs, and solos intervening. The performance—an admirable one, led by two ladies, both professional, and supported by three gentlemen amateurs—met with warm appreciation at both places, and at Bishopsgate the first movement narrowly escaped an encore. On the same occasion but slight notice was taken at Bishopsgate of a clarinet solo of Spohr's, which at Chelsea made quite a sensation. Glees and part-songs were far more popular at Bishopsgate than at Chelsea.

¹ The price of admission at Chelsea has now been reduced from 2d. to 1d., which has had the result of increasing the numbers of the audience, and also the relative proportion of working people.

At Hatton Garden and Notting Hill the results were perhaps less satisfactory. Anyhow, the committee has determined for the present to abandon these, and to concentrate its efforts on the more important centres. Not that the music was not liked, but it does not enter into the scheme to give free concerts, except on Sundays, when no other course is legal; and the people at these places are too poor, as a rule, to pay anything at all for experiments in amusement. At Hatton Garden the concerts took place in an Italian Protestant school, and among the hearers, many of whom manifested great delight, was a considerable admixture of foreigners, some belonging presumably to the organ-grinding branch of the musical profession. Could the concerts have been persevered in, it seems not unlikely that they might have become very popular with this poor public.

But perhaps of all the Society's concerts, during the season 1879-80, the most successful were the three at South Place Institute, Finsbury Circus. At the last of these, given on a Sunday evening, 1,100 people were present, mostly of the artisan class, among whom (in this, again, unlike upper-class audiences) there was a marked preponderance of men, though sometimes here also the voices of babes and sucklings loudly and unseasonably proclaimed the probable presence of their mothers. But, with this exception, an audience more quiet during music, more expressive of pleasure after it, and more discriminating in its appreciation of what was really best in the programmes, could hardly be, in any class. Fortnightly Sunday concerts are to be given next season in this place (an excellent room for music), which shows, we hope, that the managers of the Institute think them likely to be attractive. It is much to be desired that in this or some such promising centre the Society may take root, and establish a headquarters where the best chamber music,

performed in the best manner by a permanent artist quartet, may be heard regularly by those who are too poor and too distant from West-end opportunities to hear it elsewhere. But this must depend in great measure on the amount of help that the Society receives. Such work as is described cannot be done cheaply, and years must in all probability elapse before the scheme can become self-supporting. If there is one conclusion to which the concert-givers have come more than another, it is this, that if such music as they wish to popularise is to be *intelligible* to an uncultivated audience, it must be perfectly expounded. Unconsciously, these musically-uneducated people prove themselves the severest of critics. It is not that they are capable of detecting minute imperfections in execution, but that just in proportion as the performance is excellent do they enjoy the works performed. If the performance is defective or laboured, the music is blamed as obscure. There is in quartets and trios none of the variety and contrast of effect that we get in orchestral and choral compositions, where roughnesses and inequalities are merged in the general *ensemble*, and where the infectiousness of excitement lends powerful help to success. All depends on three or four players; and, unless these are masters of what they are doing, the points of the work cannot be so brought out and balanced as to make the whole understood. At these, as at all concerts, songs, whatever their calibre, are almost sure to please, especially if the words are printed. What "takes" least is the pianoforte. This may be partly due to the dreamy, abstract character of much modern music, dear to pianists, but too indefinite in rhythm and too shadowy in outline to be grasped by the uninitiated, unless very exceptionally performed. But the greatest enthusiasm is always reserved for the violin or violoncello solo, when these are, as they often have been, really good. Even the poor audience at Hatton Garden proved no

exception to this rule, and not even the popular *Sally in our Alley*, although she gave delight, had a more unanimous and clamorous encore than Herr Wiener's performance of Raff's "Cavatina," and a gavotte of Rameau's for violoncello, played by an accomplished amateur, whose appearance in that schoolroom became ever after the signal for applause.

During these two seasons, besides much valuable amateur support, artists have frequently been generous enough to play for nothing, or for merely nominal fees; and they have, as a rule, met with such a reception as may not disincite them to repeat the kind act.

This is not a state of things which can continue when the Society's operations are permanent, yet the help of artists can less than ever be dispensed with when the people have become accustomed to a high standard of excellence.

"Why, then" (it is often asked), "not give them something a little less serious and stiff, and less dependent on perfect and costly playing? Dance music, brilliant, showy solo-pieces, popular songs, and so on. You would get much larger audiences if you did, and they would enjoy it more than they do your trios and quartets."

Possibly a good many of them might, and, were the object harmless amusement only, the remark might be hard to answer. Apart from the difficulty that everybody feels in the mere taking-in, just at first, of anything quite new and strange, there is no use in denying the fact that to appreciate elevation of thought or style of any kind requires in the novice more mental effort than it would cost him to understand or be amused by what is on his own level or even below it. No doubt there is a larger reading public for "sensation-novels" than for the literary masterpieces that mould the language and direct the thought of nations. Would any one found on this fact an argument for the multiplication and diffusion among the half-educated of "cheap trash," to

the exclusion of works which would exact more effort on the part of the reader?

But, besides this, in declining from its proposed high standard of excellence, the People's Concert Society would lose sight of its distinctive aim, which is not merely to avoid something bad, but to confer what it believes to be a great good; not only to withdraw men now, at any price, from the public-house, but to provide for them, in the future, a source of active interest and intelligent pleasure, which may effectually supplant lower forms of amusement. Its primary object, therefore, is not charity, nor yet repression of vice. Indirectly we hope that it will tend powerfully to further these ends. But they are being directly furthered by other societies, whose work can best be done, not by rivaling, but by joining and helping them. To effect the awakening and humanizing of the lowest and most degraded class through the medium of so refined a form of art as classical instrumental music, would be a hopeless attempt; the tool is far too delicate for the purpose. The "People's Entertainment" and other societies are doing more efficient work in that way than the "People's Concerts" do, or could do. These last appeal to another class, or to the same class at a different stage, and should take up the work where the others leave it off. At present the feeling uppermost in their supporters is rather one of wonder that so quiet, unexciting a form of amusement should have been relished so keenly as it has been.

It is the Society's object and intention to associate the people themselves with its musical work whenever it may be possible to do so. As a step in this direction it is proposed to start elementary singing-classes (at a nominal fee) in the neighbourhood of some of the principal concert centres, free admission to the concerts being given to regular attendants at these classes. If the results of this first attempt are encouraging, its promoters are not

without hope that it may some day be in their power to found classes of a similar nature for concerted instrumental practice by working people. Should these objects be achieved the "People's Concert Society" will have conferred a more lasting boon on the poorer classes than that of a few evenings harmless amusement.

The significance of the Society's work must not be measured by immediate outward success. For years it may have but little to show; but it should persevere, for the right results of such work are permanent and progressive.

By helping our poor neighbours to know something of that art which less than any other recognises conventional distinctions, its concerts should, with time, prepare the way for others, which, although they may have no visible connection with it, will be the outcome of the present enterprise, and which, in the truest sense of the word, will be People's Concerts.

Since the above was written the Society has accomplished half of its third season, with very satisfactory results. Concerts are given monthly at Chelsea and Bishopsgate, and fortnightly at Finsbury, these last in particular attracting a crowded and attentive audience. Many of the people come long before the concert hour, so as to secure their places. Subjoined is a recent programme

(January 9, 1881). It lasted full half an hour beyond the usual time of concluding, but the audience remained quiet till after the last note.

1. ALLEGRO—from Quintet in A *Mozart.*
2. SONG—"Non piu andrai" . *Mozart.*
3. SONG—"My Mother bids me bind my hair" *Haydn.*
4. DUET FOR TWO VIOLINS . *Spohr.*
5. SONG—"Maid of Athens" . *Gounod.*
6. LARGHETTO, MINUET AND TRIOS—from Quintet in A *Mozart.*
7. SONG—"The Sailor's Story" *H. Smart.*
8. CLARINET SOLO—"Concertino" *Weber.*
9. BALLAD—"The Lass of Richmond Hill"
10. VIOLONCELLO SOLO—"Romance" *Gottlermann.*
11. SONG—"Here's to the Year that's awa!"
12. FINALE—"Tema con variazioni" from Quintet in A *Mozart.*

The enjoyment of music shown by the audiences at these concerts has encouraged the Committee to proceed with the experiment of singing-classes, referred to above. Two such classes have begun work, one in Chelsea, the other in Bishopsgate. It is too early to hazard an opinion as to their chances of success, but the fact that the people who have joined them show a keen interest in music, and are mostly regular attendants at the concerts, encourages the hope that a good field exists for the seed that is to be sown.

FLORENCE A. MARSHALL.

FREE LIBRARIES AND THEIR WORKING.

To one looking earnestly round him upon the conditions of human life, it would seem as if nine-tenths of the misery and crime of England were the fruit of two habits of its people—Improvvidence, showing itself most mischievously in early marriages contracted before the breadwinner has saved enough to meet the necessities of a single year's illness or depression of trade, and adding largely to the number of mouths to be fed, whether trade is good or bad; and Intemperance, taking the bread out of these hungry mouths and leading, both directly to crime in moments of madness, and indirectly to it through the loss of character and the misery which is its almost invariable consequence.

Far from showing *malice prepense*, these evils are both rather indicative of feelings of good fellowship and domestic affection, which only require moderating and guiding by a wider knowledge; and their cause will be easily distinguished as misemployed time and energy. And the means to counteract the mischief is to be found in supplying pursuits, in attracting and employing the energies and time thus misspent, and in guiding them into other channels, which will lead to good instead of evil.

For this purpose Education is undoubtedly the first step. Without the three Rs little time now can be occupied advantageously; and few efforts will be attended with more solid, widespread, good results, than those, either legislative or private, which are directed to the effective carrying-out of such elementary work.

But when the School Boards have done their work thoroughly, and every

child has passed the Sixth Standard, what then? Is the die cast, and the character of the children moulded for good or evil? Can no more be done for the guidance of their still growing energies? It is not even among them that this crime and folly shows itself. It is at the end of the seven years, after leaving school that all the mischief begins to bud; at a time of life when the energies are strongest, when the world looks brightest, and each one feels a wish to take his part in it. This is sad; but it points clearly to what we have said—that this evil is misdirected energy; and, since the redirection of it must be from within, the best work for the reformer to attempt, is to place before each agent a wide choice of pursuits, and each one with advantages and attractions. Thus a natural selection may be made, and wholesome ambitions developed, absorbing the time and the energies, which the lack of such pursuits throws back upon their owner, merely to break out in results of sorrow and evil.

For this evil, we repeat, like all other evil in this world, can only permanently be overcome by good. In the restless, energetic character of the modern Aryan, and especially of that self-asserting variety, the Anglo-Saxon, there will never be that submission to instruction, and that negative self-control, which moralists are always recommending, as a "preventive check." Other attractions and occupations must be supplied. The half-educated frequenters of the taverns where ruin is supplied so freely, are like children too young to argue with, whose evil tempers, cherished while the scolding lasts, and persisted in until the strict dis-

ciplinarian is driven to despair, may be banished at once by a lively diversion of their thoughts into another channel. Pulpit Oratory, and Permissive Bills, Church Temperance, or Total Abstinence Societies, will do little to attract the class they hope to help. They may strengthen such as do stand, but they scarcely reach the habitual haunter of the gin palace, and can therefore do very little to affect him. The efforts made to counteract his pleasures and make a Puritan of him rather harden him in his assertion of liberty. His attention must be absorbed, and a more interesting way of spending his time offered him in some other resort. News-rooms are, no doubt, the first step upwards for him, even if his special attraction be one of those trials which on one sheet all the newspapers denounce as most demoralising, while at the same time perhaps they call attention to something specially dreadful given in full on another sheet!

To attempt to make men of this class readers of good literature at once is hopeless. A newsroom or two such as that at Nottingham, which the librarian reckons to have been visited 350,000 times in the year, or 1,000 times each day, can hardly be over-valued for its power in drawing visitors from the public-house, breaking the evening and keeping them sober, although, perhaps, not altogether leading them to give up its use.

The unrivalled popularity of the newspaper, as compared to any book, with this class of readers, is conclusively shown by its being the only literature provided for them in their present haunts. And its value, as a first step in their education, is also shown by the great popularity of the reading-rooms at such places as Wednesbury and Cardiff. Even in America "everybody reads the newspaper; the book readers are comparatively few."¹

But if the first important work of

a Free Library be that of employing the leisure time of the working classes in a more rational way, and weaning them from the degrading haunts of drink and vice through its newspapers, its second great function—one of rapidly growing importance, in which both books and newspapers co-operate—is that of carrying on the education of the coming race.

Mr. W. C. Todd writes in the *American Report*² :—

"Indispensable as are newspapers to the business of the world, they, with the numerous magazines that have been started, nearly all during the present century, are equally necessary to education. A nation with many papers and magazines must be well informed, their circulation can almost be taken as an exponent of its intelligence. Not only does a first-class journal contain a record of events, but the best thought of the day. What a noted man may say to-night to a small audience, to-morrow will be read by millions all over the land. The substance of whole volumes is published frequently long before its appearance in book form. . . . Much of the best poetry, romance, biography, criticism, discussion of every subject and information on every topic appears in our newspapers and magazines; and scholars and men of science as well as general readers must read them or be left behind."

In addition to those who read for pleasure, others, a much more important class, require a more active occupation; for the function of affording a luxurious way of passing time is of little consequence compared with the more important one of supplying textbooks, for attracting and guiding the energies of more vigorous temperaments to whom they are the instruments and machinery of productive labour. Carlyle says—

"We learn to read, in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of books; but the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the books themselves! It depends on what we read, after all manner of professors have done their best for us.

¹ *Public Libraries in the United States*, p. 462. Washington, 1876.

² *Ibid.* 460.

The true university of these days is a collection of books. All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been : it is lying as in magic preservation, in the pages of books."

"Theoretic knowledge," however, is but a small part of what books contain, and of transitory value compared with the great storehouse of technical concrete knowledge which they constitute. There is no science or art, the very latest discoveries of which are not registered and made available to all who have well-supplied libraries at their command; few, if any, for the pursuit of which the study of books is not absolutely requisite; nor is there any for which a special aptitude lying dormant may not be brought out by the perusal of some book on the subject.

Most satisfactory indeed has been the issue from the press, of books specially adapted to this purpose, during the last few years. Many of them have been written or edited with the greatest care by scientific men known to the whole civilised world; men whose predecessors a generation ago would have thought it either beneath them or of no benefit to devote their time to the production of such works. Yet the publication of them is of little use to the class who most need them, unless they are put into their hands at little cost. Free libraries are so cheap a way of doing all this and much more, that the slowness of the progress of the movement is the most astounding part of its history. A free public library will not only start a man in studies of this class, but, in all, except perhaps the smallest towns, it will be able to carry him forward to the fullest and most recent accounts of all that mankind "has done, thought, gained, or been," and give him advantages which affluence alone will secure to private effort. He will soon, from the free use of such books, be able to distinguish and to record what is of value in his own observations, in such

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style and such English also, as will entitle his book to take its place with the productions of the most educated.

The author of *Working Men and Women*, by a Working Man, after remarking that it is not a common thing for a working man to appear in the character of an author, continues: "but, given that an individual working man has a taste in that direction, it ought to be no matter for surprise to find that, having something to say, he can express himself with some touch of literary method. In the present day the whole range of English literature is open almost to any working man who cares to exert himself to get at it; and there are few men, not of independent means, who can devote more time to reading than, say, a comfortably situated artisan." His own book shows how he has profited by such advantages; and the Coventry Free Library, whose experiences we wish to take as a text, can quote a strong case in the same direction. Imagine the strain upon a careful librarian's judgment when a chimney-sweep sends for the first volume of Grote's *History of Greece*. Is he justified in putting a costly book into hands so far from clean? Is there any mistake as to the spelling of the subject? His anxiety is succeeded by relief when in due time the first volume is returned without readers' marks of any kind; and by surprise when the second and each of the twelve in succession is duly taken out and read.

The third and fourth functions of free libraries are of sensible value to those who pay the rates for their support. They may be made to supply a large amount of general reading of a higher description than is required by the working classes as a rule, and accordingly this class of book will remain clean enough for drawing-room tables. And they become the great Encyclopedia of the neighbourhood, especially where the reference department is largely developed, as it

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naturally is in the large wealthy towns, and at places like Brighton, not the residence of a manufacturing population.

It is a mistake for the well-to-do classes to think that a free library should be treated like a charitable institution, and left for the use of the poor only. It is paid for by owners of property, and by using it freely they get, to say the least of it, a fair return for their money, besides securing to the public generally many advantages which no charity could confer.

"The free library will benefit many of its supporters through the minister's sermon and the physician's practice; the editor's leader will lead towards sounder conclusions: the teacher will learn not only something worth communicating, but the best methods of imparting knowledge orally to opening minds."¹

The clergy would find the constant use of such a supply of books of immense value in sermon-writing: for nothing gives such deadness and flatness to sermons as the usual absence of any allusion to the new and interesting questions of the day. The ground generally gone over, the sentiments expressed, often even the expressions used, are so familiar, that while they may be as correct and orthodox, they are also about as interesting as the multiplication table. The events of the day, either as illustrations or as matters of comment, give a most unwonted life to a discourse on which perhaps little study or scholarship have been spent. Imagine a magazine or journal of any description being conducted on the principle of leaving out all treatment of the questions of the day, and yet expecting a wide circulation among all the various classes of which preachers know their audiences to be composed.

In fact it need hardly be remarked that a supply of really good and at-

tractive books is a luxury to all grades of society, from the highest to the lowest. In London, and towns so large that the ground required for many of the favourite pursuits and recreations of the country must be either too costly or too distant, reading is an occupation that still further recommends itself as an eligible pastime. The experience of Westminster shows that there is no real obstacle to its supply by free libraries either in London or elsewhere, and it is most shortsighted of its inhabitants so steadily to refuse their adoption.

The higher work of a healthy free library should be that of an Athenæum, a centre from which advanced students can draw the accumulated experience of the highest authorities on their special subjects, and a meeting-place for all the intellect of the neighbourhood—a common ground on which clubs for the most varied purposes can meet to contribute their quota of knowledge and agree as to its further distribution, whether by exhibitions, museums, classes, or lectures. The bulk of its work should be the furnishing of facts, figures, dates, and authorities to writers and students whose inquiries take them over wider fields than private collections of books are generally large enough to cover; and in supplying the newest and most costly works, which in these days follow each other too quickly for any but the most ardent student to buy for himself, though he must read or consult them if he is to know the state of the question he is considering.

Surely these are large and beneficial ends, and to be obtained at a cost felt by hardly any ratepayers; and yet among all the wealthy towns of the United Kingdom *seventy-nine is the whole number of those who have availed themselves of the Act*; while in the United States of America more than *three hundred and forty* are in active operation as free public libraries, besides a total of other collections, partly

¹ *Public Libraries in the United States*, p. 399.

of higher and partly of more restricted objects, amounting to thousands!

One reason, no doubt, of this slowness in adopting the free library system is the feeling that it is a sort of compulsory charity; that the rich man is taxed for the sake of teaching the poor matters which some of their masters and mistresses think they are none the better for knowing. And the idea that the taxpayers themselves are going to derive any of the profit from it is looked upon as "robbing the poor."

We wish to draw attention to a case where the opposite effect has been secured with the most satisfactory results, and latterly with much of the feeling that a city was forming itself into one great book club, in which, no doubt, the wants of the working classes were to be considered first, though the rights of the ratepayers were not overlooked. We shall first give a sketch of its history, and then endeavour to draw from it some useful hints for the benefit of those who may now or hereafter be engaged in promoting similar institutions.

Coventry is a manufacturing town of about 40,000 inhabitants, of whom some 8,000 are householders. It is already in possession of many charities for the school-education of its rising generation. A library was formed in the year 1790, one of the leaders in the movement being the well-known antiquary, Thomas Sharp. An entrance fee of 5*l.* 5*s.* and an annual subscription of 3*l.* 3*s.* show that the advantages it had to offer were far from free, but also speak for the value of the books collected there. The library formed part of the premises in which the office of the father of Professor Huxley was situated, and the young philosopher spent many of his holiday hours in ransacking its shelves. For almost half a century the library was supported by a large proportion of the best educated of the inhabitants. But in the course of time the habits and tastes of a

much more numerous and less exclusive class of readers operated greatly to the prejudice of the old society and its material interests; and in March, 1864, it was offered as the basis of a free library, provided that its outstanding debts were liquidated. The offer, however, met with little favour from any side, and it fell through.

In 1868, however, the movement was more successful. A small but enthusiastic meeting was held, the Free Libraries Act was adopted, and the offer of the old library gladly accepted. The money for the acquisition of this foundation (about 140*l.*) was quickly subscribed by about fifty gentlemen favourable to the scheme; and gifts of two sums of 100*l.*, and nearly 1,000 volumes of books went a long way, in filling up the gaps left by the small purchases made during the later years of the old library. At the end of ten months, when the first report was drawn up, the 9,369 volumes (old and new) with which a start was made, had had a circulation of 57,954, and from that day the success of the library was certain.

The second year there were over 4,000 borrowers, drawing on an average fifteen volumes each during the year; and the crowded reading-room received a welcome addition from the Chamber of Commerce, who placed there, for the convenience both of the public and of themselves, the Central News telegrams, a luxury which the free library funds could hardly have paid for, and which has proved most valuable in attracting many readers who otherwise would perhaps have rarely entered the reading-room.

The question of the funds requisite to work such a free library in a town like Coventry forced itself upon the attention of the public, when in their third report the committee had to state that up till then no portion of the rate had been available for the purchase of books; and from this

time, after which donations were made with rather less enthusiasm, and three years' wear and tear began to tell upon the most popular and widely circulated volumes, the cutting down of working expenses so as to allow of the purchase of a fair supply of new books has always been the difficulty.

A new chapter in the history of the Coventry Free Library was commenced in the year 1871, when Mr. Gulson, a much esteemed and munificent citizen, who had watched the satisfactory progress of the work, decided—with the help of 1000*l.* from another old citizen, the late Mr. Samuel Carter, who had given one of the donations of 100*l.* already mentioned—not only to present a fine central site, but to erect upon it a handsome and commodious building.

This splendid gift greatly increased the interest felt in the Free Library; and the latter took shape in a practical and substantial form.

Mr. Gulson had left the fittings, furniture, and interior decorations to be supplied by private subscription. For this purpose, a total sum of money was raised amounting to 2,634*l.*, one half of which was absorbed in the above purposes, leaving 1,300*l.* for expenditure in valuable books necessary for the formation of a reference library, such as had hitherto been quite beyond the means of those who now used it. Of this total, one-fourth was obtained from a highly satisfactory source. A "Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition" was held at Coventry in the year 1867, on the completion of a new Market Hall, not unfit to act the part of a Crystal Palace. This exhibition had been so well patronised that a final profit amounting to 775*l.* had been left in the hands of a committee, who naturally found it difficult to fix on an object which men of all classes and politics could agree to support. And the fact that no appreciable opposition was raised to its

bestowal on the Free Library shows how thorough and deep-seated was its popularity. The committee had already cautiously given a sum of 100*l.*, and they now handed over the balance of 675*l.*

The Sixth Annual Report had little in it which was noteworthy. The difficulty still remained that although the 1*d.* rate had increased from 362*l.* in 1869 to 420*l.* in 1875, the expenses on the larger premises and larger circulation had increased in still greater proportion, gas alone swallowing up the ratal increase. The consequence was that no money out of the income could be expended in the purchase of books. In these circumstances recourse was had to a plan which, for successful working and for the mutual benefit of all concerned, we cannot too strongly commend to communities in a similar position.

Although their number in proportion to the population of Coventry was but small, still there were a few constantly frequenting the Free Library, whose wants were rather above those of the ordinary Subscription Library, and who would gladly have kept up the old library. They were disappointed with the constant reply of the Book Committee of the Free Library that what money they had to spend must be spent in the purchase of the more popular books, whose circulation would be incessant till they were fairly worn out. An appeal was made to these readers to form themselves into a book club in connection with the Free Library, and, after a few slight alterations in the third year, its organisation took the following shape.

The subscription was made one guinea annually, with an understanding that each member would nominate books to about that value, and a small committee was appointed to arrange and carry out such orders. But many members joined for the mere purpose of supporting the Free Library, and made little use of the books, and

many others were attracted only by the most celebrated and favourite works published; so that practically all the expenditure of the money fell into the hands of the Book-Club Committee, and their number was increased accordingly. At the end of six months after the purchase of any book it was offered to the Free Library at one-fourth of the published price, and none have ever been declined.

The Book Club started with thirty-eight members, which increased in successive years to forty-six, fifty-three, sixty-three, and sixty-five, and at the present time it numbers ninety-seven, with every prospect of further increase.

The working of it has been this: New books were purchased during the year *as they came out*, not, as is necessary in some clubs, all together at a certain time in the year, and these new books lay upon a table at the Free Library for any member of the club to take out at his choice, and by the end of six or nine months the members had, generally with a few exceptions, read such works as they cared for. A marked advantage of the connection of this club with the Free Library was, that after the books had passed on to the shelves of the Library they still were at the service of the members of the club, and remained so as long as they continued to live in the town. Any one who has belonged to a circulating book club in the country knows well the unsatisfactory end of the year, when the books are put up for sale, and a member buys volumes which either he did not care to read as they came round, or which he did read, and whose value to him therefore is greatly diminished.

Another advantage of this club—i.e. to the Free Library—indirect but by no means small—is that persons of the highest position in the town make the Free Library a place of call almost daily. Interest is thus excited among the wealthy, and every want becomes

quickly known. At Bolton this system of supporting a public library has from the beginning been carried out on a very similar arrangement, though on a much more liberal scale, three hundred and seventy-six guineas being contributed, and constituting more than two-thirds of the sum defrayed in the purchase of books. Of course with so large a number of subscribers the books remain longer in their possession, and to balance that, they are handed over free at the end of one year. Indeed the original Act of 1850 contemplated that the whole of the rate should be expended in the housing and administration of the Library only.

But to return to Coventry. In 1875 a collection of nearly 500 volumes of works, English and French, connected with horological science, brought together during fifty years by the late Mr. J. Ferguson Cole, and standing about third as the most complete of its kind in existence, was purchased by the watch manufacturers of the city and presented to the Free Library; a help to the trade which could hardly have been made so generally available under any other arrangement. It has been largely used by young workers, who could by no other means have taken advantage of it, if, indeed, they could have been aware of such a life's labour.

During 1875 the balance-sheet first showed a debt, which increased in the following years. The purchase of fresh books, however necessary, had to be reduced, and almost stopped. The Juvenile Library became completely worn out, and the last liberal help which the Free Library has received is the sum of 65*l.* subscribed by about half-a-dozen gentlemen for the purpose of carrying on the work so strongly appreciated by the much needing class of juvenile readers.

Many useful hints may be drawn from the above experiences.

The first to which we wish to draw attention, though touching only those

who have already availed themselves of the Free Libraries Act, may also be profitable to those about to do so. It is the important part which the working classes themselves must take if anything of this sort is to prosper: they must really and earnestly avail themselves of all advantages which are offered them; for where this is not eagerly done mortification sets in and advantage after advantage is lost till the most enthusiastic supporter of free libraries must own that it is a failure, and that no amount of fostering will make dry bones live. In the case before us, had the first year's circulation been small, many gifts of books would never have been received, and if these small gifts had not been really acceptable and attention called to the active use made of all such donations, the Exhibition Fund would never have been voted to the institution. Had the reading-room been thinly attended the Chamber of Commerce would never have posted up its telegrams there; a small matter, apparently, but really not without very important indirect effects, for it brought gentlemen to the reading-room, night after night, who could not but be struck with the crowd of readers there, many of them of a class not at all studious, and they must have felt that the money was well spent which supplied such a want or drew such a company from the taverns.

Above all it was of course the eager use made of the Free Library by the working classes that called forth Mr. Gulson's great liberality, and that made it, as we have said, possible to collect money to supply all that was left for others to do. The circulation in 1873 (before the removal to the new building) was 70,553; the years following that change were 79,625, 60,858, 76,750, on an average a very small increase. It was not the handsome gift which brought about the large circulation, but the large circulation which drew the handsome gift.

The penny rate produced in Co-

ventry a sum varying from 362*l.* in 1869 to 476*l.* in 1879. Upon which we have to remark that 1*d.* ratable upon a town of that size is barely sufficient for the working of a free library. Our sketch shows how many helps the rate has required to enable it to meet all wants; and how, although its amount has steadily increased of late years, the balance *against* the Free Library has nevertheless been steadily increasing also. Although it is satisfactory to see with what very moderate expenses a Free Library like that at Aston can be started, yet there are a number of fixed expenses which *cannot* be avoided. All attempts to curtail them by cheap and unattractive premises, ill-qualified librarians, very limited hours of attendance, gloomy lighting, or anything likely to bring contempt of any kind or degree upon the institution will tell so strongly against its success *indirectly* that it will be false economy, and go far in depriving it of many of the helps and advantages that have accrued to the Coventry Library through its popularity and its high standing. In these respects the Americans set us a striking and enviable example. The handsome buildings, the cheerful open rooms, the bright light, the intelligent and attractive young women who do the business of librarians, the rapid manner in which readers are served, in the Free Libraries of New England, are all worthy of eager imitation on this side the Atlantic.

It is no doubt a most desirable and satisfactory achievement, to see Manchester with its six branches, Sheffield with its four, Salford with its three, Nottingham, Bolton, and others, with branches which they can well support. But the cost of administration is a strong argument against too much subdividing the funds at the disposal of a Free Library committee. Leeds, with its twenty branches, is a giant that seems well able to run its course so heavily weighted, but manages, as we re-

mark elsewhere, to work the smaller ones very economically.

It is wearying, unsatisfactory work when, with splendid buildings provided by the public money, as at Sheffield, or by private munificence, as that of Mr. Bass at Derby, or Mr. Gulson at Coventry, public support is not sufficient to work them to their full powers. It is hardly possible to go round with a subscription-list, begging; indeed, such a proceeding would gain but little support, the outward and visible signs of prosperity would tell so much against it. But for the same reason an increase of the rate would be grudged but little, and in such circumstances a town should be permitted and encouraged to tax itself to a larger amount, especially if the functions of its public library are correspondingly increased.

In the case then of a smaller town, such as Lichfield, it is necessary, if the rate is to support the library, that something above the *1d.* rate should be allowed; while perhaps there are a few great centres of population where other libraries of high-class books are at the service of the better educated, and only the more popular class of books are required to supplement them, in which a halfpenny may be quite sufficient.

A Permissive Act, therefore, leaving it to "Local Option" to fix the amount of the rate, is necessary for the most successful adoption of the Public Free Libraries Act.

Still a small rate may be the nucleus round which a great deal of private liberality can gather. At Coventry the rate has supplied only one fourth of the total means of the library; gifts of 11,000*l.* and 2,500 volumes having been acknowledged against 4,330*l.* rate collected. It is hardly possible to grudge twopences paid as a rate where voluntary donations add 6*d.*, and no ratepayer can dispute the liberal and abundant return which is offered him for his money.

The Reference Library, now containing a large collection of costly works, requires more careful observation to elicit the important work it is doing. Two considerations, however, will show how important that work is. On the one hand a single volume consulted for an evening may have done a greater service than dozens of volumes taken out for amusement in the circulating department; and, on the other hand, there are many books which can be in the reach of most citizens by hardly any other means, not to speak of the almost unique copies of books of local interest which will eventually find their way there, and the relief it will be to a worker on any subject to find there a collection of all the principal books bearing upon it.

The number of volumes with which the Reference Department at Coventry worked at first was little over 1,200, but the liberal response made to the appeal, on the gift of the new building by Mr. Gulson, enabled it to be raised by 1875 to over 5,000 volumes. In that year the issues to inquirers were little over 4,000, while in the last two years their number has been over 12,000.

A practical difficulty has always been how to allot important books to their respective departments of Lending and Reference. On the one hand it greatly curtailed the value of a book to many readers, that they were required to read it at the library; on the other hand, many books were considered too costly, and too liable to damage, to be allowed to circulate among the "great unwashed" with perfect freedom; and it was necessary to consider the annoyance to applicants for books catalogued as in the reference department when they were found to be "out." Opposing counsels were reconciled by putting the bulk of such volumes into the reference department, but authorising the librarian, with sanction of any two members of the committee, to allow them to be taken home to be read.

During all these years the proportion of fiction to other classes of books was marvellously regular, both in the proportion contained in the library and in circulation. The following table shows both :—

	Total Vols. in Library.	Fiction.	Proportion.	Total Issue.	Fiction.	Proportion.
1869	8,083	3,259	·40	57,954	37,501	·65
1870	8,710	3,535	·41	61,076	41,633	·68
1871	9,091	3,685	·40	58,252	36,328	·63
1872	10,838	4,867	·45	50,547	35,803	·71
1873	11,000	4,897	·44	70,553	52,232	·74
1874	11,956	5,112	·43	63,305	45,159	·71
1875	14,777	7,410	·50	79,626	63,462	·80
1876	14,334	6,700	·47	60,853	45,872	·75
1877	14,934	7,016	·47	76,756	54,972	·71
1878	15,348	7,036	·46	74,548	55,612	·69
1879	15,762	7,250	·48	83,035	58,380	·72

The experience at Coventry is the same as at Aston, Stockport, West Bromwich, and Westminster, that to maintain a circulation of works of fiction, it is necessary to renew them frequently. The largest circulation here is in 1875, when a very liberal supply of new books was purchased. The following year, when a weeding out of old three-volume novels had been made, instead of many additions, the circulation fell, and the lowest percentage since was in 1878, when only twenty volumes of fiction were added. The same want is felt in the United States :—

“A library will find it necessary to supply the novel department in its younger days until it is firmly established. . . . A small library, which is not a treasure-house for scholars, but rather a drinking-basin for wayfarers, depends, if not even from month to month, certainly from year to year upon the public demand for entertaining reading being understood and met and gratified and managed. The large library is valuable for what it has in it. . . but the small circulating library, like a retail shop, depends upon the prompt gratification of the demands of the day.”¹

So says Mr. F. B. Perkins ; and the Chester Free Library Committee have perhaps taken the first step in the

right direction by supplying novels only, until their arrangements are fully developed ; but the incentive to gaining information, and exercising one's own powers, which a newspaper affords, is so far greater than that afforded by a novel, that it seems to us that novels should be held up as works rather of luxury than of utility, and if freely supplied to applicants, should not be encouraged to the extent of eleven-twelfths or nineteen-twentieths of the total circulation, or even of five-sixths, as at Salford. A liberal supply of newspapers and magazines will meet the wants of many who take out novels, while no books are such cheap literature.

This question of novel reading seems greatly to have exercised the contributors to the American Public Libraries Report. Mr. J. P. Quincey says :—²

“Surely a state which lays heavy taxes upon the citizen in order that children may be taught to read is bound to take some interest in what they read. . . Physicians versed in the treatment of those nerve centres whose disorder has so alarmingly increased of late years have testified to the enervating influence of the prevalent romantic literature, and declared it to be a fruitful cause of evil to youth of both sexes. . . It has been rashly assumed that if our young people cannot obtain the

¹ *Public Libraries in the United States*, p. 420.

² *Ibid.* p. 393.

sensational novels which they crave they will make no use of the town library. But this is not so. Boys and girls will read what is put in their way, provided their attention is judiciously directed, and the author is not above their capacity."

And he quotes a case of a successful Free Library (Germantown, Pa.), which excludes all novels from its shelves. On the other hand Mr. Fletcher, of the Watkinson Library,¹ calls this "a course which will unavoidably result in alienating from the library the very class most needing its beneficial influence." And he adds, "the public library being largely, if not mainly, for the benefit of the uncultivated, must to a large extent come down to the level of this class, and meet them on common ground."² He suggests a short supply of the best novels in order that the librarian may have an opportunity of recommending books of a higher standard:—

"This result will also be furthered by such an arrangement of the catalogue that books of an inferior order cannot be looked for without encountering the titles of those of greater value. This is one of the strongest arguments against furnishing a separate catalogue of works of fiction; for it makes it possible for a reader to forget that the library contains anything else."³

Mr. Perkins, of the Boston Public Library, lays it down⁴ that—

"The first mistake likely to be made in establishing a popular library is choosing books of too thoughtful or solid a character. It is vain to go on the principle of collecting books that people ought to read, and afterwards trying to coax them to read them. The only practical method is to begin by supplying books that people already want to read, and afterwards to do whatever shall be found possible to elevate their reading tastes and habits. . . . A habit of reading is more necessary than any particular line of reading, because it is the one indispensable previous requisite; and to form the habit, easy reading—that is, reading such as people want, such as

they enjoy—must be furnished first, and afterwards that which requires more effort. . . . Readers improve; if it were not so, reading would not be a particularly useful practice. . . . No case has ever been cited where a reader, beginning with lofty philosophy, pure religion, profound science, and useful information has gradually run down in his reading until his declining years were disreputably wasted on dime novels and story weeklies. The idea is ridiculous even on the bare statement of it. But the experience of librarians is substantially unanimous to the contrary: that those who begin with dime novels and story weeklies may be expected to grow into a liking for a better sort of stories; then for the truer narrative of travel and adventure, of biography and history, then of essays and popular science, and so on upward."

Mr. Justin Winsor, of the same library, gives the practical conclusion of all this, viz., that while works of fiction, with the exception of a few that are positively harmful, should form a considerable part of a circulating library, it should be the hearty desire and effort of the librarian to turn the course of his readers' studies into better channels.

In the second and fifth columns of the preceding table we have a curious practical proof of the importance of the librarian's part in the working of a Free Library. Few are the men who, while making the office their work and their duty, will throw their whole soul into it as if it were a pet scheme of their own; who, with knowledge sufficient for the library's greatest readers, both of books and the book trade (two very distinct things, yet each necessary to an efficient administration of a library), have yet the kindness of manner and sympathy which do much to make the juvenile department popular. To such a librarian, readers of every shade look as a friend, and the influence of such a character in such a post is significantly pointed to at Coventry by the large decrease in the issues of 1876, which was traced to the unaccommodating idleness of a young assistant. We cannot attribute it to

¹ *Public Libraries in the United States*, p. 410.

² *Ibid.* p. 416.

³ *Ibid.* p. 411.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 422.

bad trade, though Coventry was then suffering much, since the numbers have risen again, while the depression has increased. But, curious as it may seem, that workmen "at play" cannot give as much time to reading as when busier, we have no doubt that it has had such an effect at Leeds as that report says. This importance of the librarian can scarcely be overrated:—

"A large proportion of Free Library frequenters are generally dependent upon the librarian for advice and direction. . . . His influence as an educator is rarely estimated by outside observers, and probably seldom realised even by himself. Performing his duties independently of direct control as to their details, usually selecting the books that are to be purchased by the library, often advising individual readers as to a proper course of reading, and placing in their hands the books they are to read, the librarian may gain ascendancy over the habits of thought and the literary tastes of a multitude of readers who find in the public library their only means of intellectual improvement."¹

It is of little value to contrast the numbers of volumes issued by one library with those of another. A most unreasonable system, it seems to us, has been laid down by many libraries of requiring every volume, whether large or small, to be returned in seven days, and then entering the renewal of it as a fresh issue. It is dangerous to allow books to remain out for too long a period; but, on the other hand, the above practice is most misleading; for the more slowly a book was read, the larger the circulation of it would be! According to the Derby Free Library Report, *every volume* throughout the library is being issued at the rate of twenty-one times in a year; and *every user* of the library is drawing out fifty-one volumes in that time!

The indicators, which are so highly praised as of great value in doing the work of a popular Free Library, were tried at Coventry, but without success. They would save the librarians an im-

mense amount of trouble if each applicant for a book was the reader of it, and could understand the lettering, and figuring of the indicator. But a large number of those who actually come to exchange books are children, too small to see the upper rows of an indicator large enough to work a library of 10,000 to 20,000 volumes, and if tall enough, seldom scholarly enough to compare lists, catalogues, and indicator together. Very many, moreover, have no special want at all, but ask the attendant for "another book."

Few things hinder a Free Library from doing a large work among the unlearned classes more than requiring any considerable exertion or trouble on their part, and we are highly pleased to quote the experience of Dundee and Wednesbury, that where the troublesome system of guarantors and constant renewing of tickets has been dropped, but very little loss has been sustained; in fact, none beyond what the most rigidly worked libraries have been subject to. It seems, therefore, a retrogression that has occurred at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A recent purchase has been made there of 20,000 volumes of valuable and carefully selected books. A catalogue also giving their contents almost as completely as their titles has been industriously drawn up. Yet this library has burdened itself with such harsh working regulations, that (if any genuine attempt is made to enforce them) they must keep at a distance the class which it is most desirable to attract.

We would specially mention the very large proportion of readers and borrowers in the juvenile department. A steady proportion of from two-fifths to one-half of the borrowers in every year have been under twenty years of age, and even this does not represent the full proportion of young readers. When an adult takes out a book it is generally for his own reading; but a book taken home by a child is often read by a

¹ *Public Libraries in the United States*, p. xi.

family of brothers and sisters, so that it almost comes to a multiplication of their numbers.

This large proportion of juveniles is found not only in Coventry, but in most Free Libraries, and the lending department is much the best way of supplying their wants. It is hardly desirable to draw the young away at night from their homes, where a book and an elder brother may thus become a centre of instruction. At Manchester and at Plymouth the experiment has been tried of providing boys with a reading-room to themselves; but it will create little surprise that if they were troublesome under the eye of their seniors, they became unmanageable and mischievous when assembled together to follow their own sweet wills.

We can hardly exaggerate the importance of the juvenile department, as supplementing and continuing the work of school, and, in many cases, preventing school acquirements from being forgotten and lost.

And if the educational work of Free Libraries, and the education of the working classes too, is so great, is it not desirable that School Boards, which have the working of the fundamentals of education, should have some voice in the working of the Free Library also?

Of course it is likely enough that the same men will be chosen as most fitted for the one business as for the other, but it ought hardly to be left to chance. The English system of working everything independently has many advantages, but is dreadfully wasteful of time, which is felt to be so valuable in these hurrying days; and when it is seen that from the public library have naturally emanated, in

some towns, lectures; in others, science classes; in others, museums; in others, art exhibitions and public galleries; in others, field clubs, both naturalist and antiquarian; and in others, even parks; it does seem a very clumsy waste of the time of many gentlemen, whose help is almost indispensable, that they should, as at present, have to attend the meetings of many committees instead of working in one central body, by whom the whole business might be transacted at an expenditure of time, labour, and money very small compared to the amount required by the present arrangements. Such a committee would work well with South Kensington, and carry out all the objects which that department has in view much more efficiently than can be done by the fragmentary bodies of the present day.

Few better steps in this direction have been taken than those initiated by Mr. James Yates, the librarian, at Leeds, where eleven of their branch libraries are worked free of rent, coals, gas, &c., in Board School rooms. A more excellent way of keeping up a youth's efficiency in school work, too apt to die a natural death, and leading parents to take an interest in the school buildings, and all the wonders their walls display, and cherishing, if not creating, an earnest wish that none of these things may be sealed books to their children, could hardly be devised. It is a means of thoroughly carrying on the work for which not only were the buildings erected and their situation chosen, but the members of the School Board also were elected; and when we see both bodies working together as at Leeds, the only wonder seems to be that they did not start on that principle!

COVENTRY, *March, 1881.*

W. ODELL, jun.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

THE *Times* of the 13th November contained an announcement by telegraph of the death of Lucretia Mott, at the age of eighty-seven.

With her passed away almost the last of that band of early Abolitionists who, for fifty years, never ceased to protest against the iniquity of slavery, and to stir the national conscience, till the people of the Northern States were, at last, ready to accept the proclamation of Emancipation of 1863, and to endure calamity after calamity for the sake of the freedom of the slave.

Lucretia Mott came of a race "ennobled," as Mr. Ruskin says, "by purity of moral habit for many generations." The story of her ancestry shows how heroism and enthusiasm in moral causes may last through many generations as tenaciously as any physical peculiarity. The Coffins, her father's people, belonged to an ancient family of Devon. In the time of Elizabeth they are spoken of as being among the gentlemen of the country side who first armed at the approach of the Armada.¹

Another paternal ancestor was Thomas Macy, who came to America about the year 1640, from Chilmark, in Wiltshire, and settled at Salisbury, Massachusetts. During the time of the persecution of the Quakers by the Puritans a law was passed imposing a fine of 5*l.* per hour upon any one who should entertain a member of this sect. In a severe storm of rain two Quakers came and sheltered themselves by the side of Macy's house. He invited them to come in, but they declined, giving as a reason that they did not wish

to bring him into trouble. He kindly insisted that they should enter his dwelling, and they consented, and remained there thirty-six hours. This was soon known, and when he learned that he was subjected to the rigour of the unrighteous law, taking his family, and accompanied by Edward Starbuck and Isaac Coleman, he put to sea in an open boat with these words on his lips—"We will go to the ends of the earth to find peace." This was in the year 1659. Whittier, in one of his poems, has commemorated the perilous voyage and the arrival in the Island of Nantucket. The Indians, numbering about a thousand, received them in a friendly manner, and invited the strangers to purchase some of the land. This was done, without fraud or force, and with goodwill on both sides. The purchase was supplemented the following year by a grant of land made by Lord Stirling to Thomas Mayhew, by whom it was conveyed in fee to ten proprietors. One of these was Tristram Coffin, the direct ancestor of Lucretia Mott.

Subsequently, several Quakers, driven from Massachusetts by the cruel and intolerant laws of the Puritans, settled on the island; and in time it became a Quaker community. Mary, eldest daughter of Tristram Coffin, and the first English child born on Nantucket, married a son of Edward Starbuck. She became a convert to Quakerism, and a preacher in the Society. It was under the influence of her preaching, in 1716, that the Nantucket Quakers sent forth the first protest ever made against slavery, declaring, "that it is not agreeable to the truth for Friends to purchase slaves and hold them for a term of life."

This protest was made again in 1727; it was repeated again by the

¹ Kingsley, in his novel of *Westward Ho*, speaks of the Coffins of Portlodge as having "lived there ever since Noah's flood (if, indeed, they had not merely returned thither after that temporary displacement)."

English Friends in 1729. In 1776 the Society authoritatively declared all members disowned who continued to possess slaves. The Society of Friends were absolutely the first to move in this great cause. Before Wilberforce had raised his voice, before Clarkson, in the flush of youth and success, as Senior Wrangler and prizeman, riding along the Cambridge lanes, had vowed to consecrate his life to the cause of the slave, the Quakers, alone among religious bodies, voluntarily purged themselves of the sin of slavery. And it is curious to note that it was an ancestress of Lucretia Mott's who gave the first impulse to this righteous movement.

On her mother's side, Lucretia Mott was of noble blood in the same true sense. Her direct ancestor was Peter Folger, spoken of by Cotton Mather as "a godly and learned Englishman." He sailed from Norfolk in March, 1635, crossing the Atlantic in the same ship with Hugh Peters, and became one of the first settlers in Nantucket. He was a man of learning in the mathematical sciences, and was held in honour by his fellows for his probity and judgment. He, with five others, was appointed to lay out the land of the island, the Government order declaring that "whatever shall be done by them, *Peter Folger being one of them*, shall be accounted legal and valid." This Peter Folger, the mathematician, it is interesting to note, was great grandfather to Benjamin Franklin. He was the ancestor, as has already been said, of Lucretia Mott. It was no fanciful likeness which has been often pointed out in the broad brow and penetrating eyes of Mrs. Mott to the head of Franklin.

Another member of the family (Mrs. Mott's uncle) was Mayhew Folger. He it was who, in 1809, discovered the mutineers of the *Bounty* on Pitcairn's Island. He arrived off the island supposing it to be uninhabited. To his surprise, a boat came out to him, and the men on board answered

him in English. He landed, and received from the lips of Adams and the others the story of their settlement on the island. He communicated his discovery to the British Admiralty, and thus the strange romance of the Pitcairn Islanders was made known to the world. Mayhew Folger was a man of refinement and of cultivated mind. He used to say that he knew few moments in life which were happier than when, at the end of the day, the course of his ship having been calculated, and his entries all made, he could sit down in his cabin to his much-loved books.

Of Lucretia Mott's own parents it may be said, as it was of those of S. Vincent de Paul, that "they lived not only without reproach, but in perfect innocence and uprightness." Her mother was a woman of noble character and remarkable energy. Upon her the earlier training of her children mainly depended, for her husband was at home only for brief intervals. He had more or less to do with the whale fishery,¹ which at that time was the chief occupation of the people of Nantucket.

The last voyage of Thomas Coffin was in search of seals. He was captain and part owner of his vessel, and had been out more than a year, when his ship was seized by the Spaniards in one of the ports of the Pacific coast. He could obtain no redress, and in order to get home had to cross the Andes and travel to a port in Brazil or Buenos Ayres. After an absence of three years he returned to his home. Eighty years could not erase from the mind of his daughter the memory of this wondrous homecoming. Some letters of Thomas Coffin to his wife remain; they are written with the tenderness and grace which mark the domestic letters of William Penn, and are the reflection

¹ Let any one who wishes to know what the perils and hardships of this life were, read a curious and interesting book, *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise, &c.*, by J. Rosse Brown (1846).

of a refined and entirely religious mind.

Upon Anna Coffin, as upon many of the women of Nantucket, fell unusual responsibility and care. During the long voyages of her husband, the whole management of the homestead was hers. She had to transact all business, making frequent journeys to the mainland. Under this kind of unsought discipline a woman grows in moral and intellectual strength, and the household which she directs and controls breathes an atmosphere of fortitude and purity.

Fleeing, as the first settlers of Nantucket did from persecution,¹ they had yet brought with them the foundations of peace and riches for their new homes; they had brought with them the love of justice and the fear of God. They lived in peace and friendliness with the Indian inhabitants. As time went on, patience and industry turned the rough shelter first offered by the island into a prosperous and peaceful home. The Quaker system preserved that voluntary plainness of living which, if it be not the parent of high thinking, is, at least, its best companion. Every family had its heroic memories—a tradition of self-sacrifice at the call of conscience. And the children, as they grew, learned that noble freedom of spirit which counts life itself of less value than the principles which dignify it.

Out of the good ground of their moral strength grew many a gentle

grace, and the austerity and simplicity had a beauty all their own.

The island scarcely knew the vices which afflict larger communities. Quakerism laid on the little colony "the strong hand of its purity." Little other constraint seemed needed. The prison of the island was moss-grown, and sunk into decay for want of use. There was indeed a tradition in the colony that a prisoner had *once* been confined there, but that he had sent a message to the authorities to say that he must decline to remain longer within its walls unless the sheep were kept out.

During the quarterly meetings, one of which fell annually at Nantucket, Friends from different parts of Massachusetts and New Bedford came, and were received, whether strangers or not, with a hospitality which, in its simplicity and dignified gravity, was no poor realisation of that recommended by the Apostle. There were also the "*Feasts*." When a calf was killed in a Nantucket household, Friends and neighbours were called in to share in the good cheer. Long tables were spread; the children and young people of the family waited on the guests. The prophetic injunction was obeyed, and "portions were sent to them for whom none was prepared." To those who were sick or unable to come were carried bowls carefully wrapped in linen napkins. A set of these napkins always formed part of a young Nantucket woman's marriage outfit.

In the midst of this pure and primitive life, Lucretia Mott was born, and here she lived till she was eleven years old. At that time her father removed and settled in business in Boston. With her younger sister, Lucretia Coffin pursued her studies. Later on they went to a Friend's boarding-school, where, at the end of two years, and at the age of sixteen, she accepted the position of teacher. No true sketch could be made of Mrs. Mott without mention of this beloved sister, towards whom through

¹ That the Quakers, most tolerant of people, had yet some vehement feeling mixed with their memories of the persecuting Puritans, is plain from the utterances of Benjamin Franklin Folger, who, some thirty years ago, lived on the Island of Nantucket, leading a strange recluse life—his books his only companions. "The Puritans of the mainland," said he, "who had themselves been the objects of persecution in England, began the same infamous and brutal career of intolerance in America, by establishing a code of cruel and revolting laws which would have put a Herod to the blush. I thank God I am not descended from that vile fanatical race. Let others boast, if they will, of their Puritanic blood; mine knows not the contamination."

life she preserved an unalterable affection. This sister, spoken of in one of her father's letters as "the desirable little Elizabeth," was a woman of the greatest sweetness and purity of character. Of a gentle and retiring manner, she yet possessed an unusual clearness of judgment, and a subtle power of personal influence. Of her it was said, that a shade of disapprobation on her gentle face was as good as a stern rebuke from others. For seventy years the two sisters, both singularly happy in their own domestic relations, met almost daily, and in all changes of life Mrs. Mott took counsel of her shy and retiring sister.

At the age of eighteen, Lucretia Coffin married James Mott of New York, and settled in Philadelphia, which ever afterwards remained her home. Difficulties beset the young couple at the outset. In 1812 came war with England, and in consequence an embargo and great depression in trade. Anna Coffin — Lucretia Mott's mother—was at this time left a widow, with five children to support. Lucretia Mott, with her own family cares, set herself to meet with cheerfulness and energy the difficulties of her position. While her husband, in whom to the last day of his life she found the truest friend, companion, and support, struggled with the perplexities of his business, she began her old work as a teacher. "These trials in early life," she says, "were not without their good-effect in disciplining the mind, and leading it to set a just estimate on worldly pleasures." It was thus, in the midst of hindrances, that a household life was begun which, developing as years went on, presented a picture of goodness and moral worth which is not often equalled. Fifty years later, and but two years before the death of the excellent James Mott, this household life received its crown on the festival of the golden wedding, when children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, were gathered in the old homestead near Philadelphia, to do honour to the aged bride and

bridegroom, who still remained the centre and heart of the wide-spreading family circle.

The young couple, beginning life in "a sea of troubles," and having to meet difficulties which would have absorbed the whole energy and thought of most people, found it yet possible to preserve lofty convictions and aspirations. They were ready to sacrifice much, and to make their daily path even harder than it was, by a steadfast testimony against slavery.

In 1818, when, at the age of twenty-five, Lucretia Mott took her place as a preacher in her Society, the most serious obligation laid upon her heart was to witness against the sin of slavery, to plead the cause of the slaves, and, to use her own expression, "to put my soul in their souls' stead, and to aid all in my power, in every right effort, for their immediate emancipation."

Of this solemn call as a spiritual teacher, and of her religious opinions, let her speak for herself :—

"At twenty-five years of age, surrounded by a little family, and many cares, I felt called to a more public life of devotion to duty, and engaged in the ministry in our Society, receiving every encouragement from those in authority, until a separation among us in 1827, when my convictions led me to adhere to the sufficiency of the Light within us, resting on truth as an authority, rather than taking authority for truth.¹ The popular doctrine of human depravity never recommended itself to my reason or conscience. I searched the Scriptures daily, finding a construction of the text wholly different from that which was pressed upon our acceptance. The highest evidence of a sound faith being the practical life of a Christian, I have felt a far greater interest in the moral movements of our age than in any theological discussion."

The above extract sufficiently indicates the basis of Mrs. Mott's religious opinions. In great measure she accepted the Unitarian view of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, at the same time that she held to the full the faith in the indwelling light of the Spirit, the essential doctrine of Quakerism.

¹ Referring to the secession of Elias Hicks and his followers from the Society of Friends.

It may not be out of place to give here, in her own words, the summary of the motives and principles that guided her life, and the opinions which she held :—

"My sympathy," she says,¹ "was early enlisted for the poor slave by the class-books read in our schools, and the pictures of the slave ship, as published by Clarkson. The ministry of Elias Hicks and others on the subject of the unrequited labour of slaves, and their example of refusing the products of slave labour, all had their effect in awakening a strong feeling in their behalf. The unequal condition of women in society also early impressed my mind. Learning, while at school, that the charge for the education of girls was the same as that for boys, and that when they became teachers women received but half as much as men for their services, the injustice of this was so apparent that I early resolved to claim for my sex all that an impartial Creator had bestowed.

"The temperance reform early engaged my attention, and for more than twenty years" I have practised total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. The cause of peace has had a share of my efforts, leading to the ultra non-resistance ground—that no Christian can consistently uphold, and actively engage in, and support a Government based on the sword, or relying upon that as an ultimate support. The oppression of the working classes by existing monopolies, and the lowness of wages, have often engaged my attention; and I have held many meetings with them, and heard their appeals with compassion. The various associations and communities leading to greater equality of condition, have had my hearty God speed. But the millions of down-trodden slaves in our land, being the greatest sufferers, the most oppressed class, I have felt bound to plead their cause in season and out of season, to endeavour to put my soul in their souls' stead, and to aid all in my power in every right effort for their immediate emancipation.

This duty was impressed upon me at the time I consecrated myself to that Gospel which anoints to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised. From that time the duty of abstinence, as far as practicable, from slave grown products was so clear that I resolved to make an effort 'to provide things honest' in this respect. The labours of the devoted Benjamin Lundy, added to the untiring exertions of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others in England, including Elizabeth Herrick, whose work on slavery aroused them to a change in their mode of action, and of William Lloyd Garrison in Boston, prepared the way for a Convention in Philadelphia in 1833 to take the ground of immediate, not

gradual, emancipation, and to impress the duty of giving unconditional liberty, without expatriation.

"Being actively associated in efforts for the slaves' redemption, I have travelled thousands of miles in this country, holding meetings in some slave States; have been in the midst of mobs and violence; and have shared abundantly in the odium attached to the name of an uncompromising *modern* Abolitionist, as well as partaken richly of the sweet return of peace attendant on those who would undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke."

Unfortunately there is little more from Mrs. Mott's own pen in regard to the story of her life. The anti-slavery work to which she consecrated herself, had its proper beginning at the time of the meeting in Philadelphia in 1833, at which the Anti-Slavery Society was formed. Previously to this—before indeed even the time of the Revolutionary War, the Abolition Society, of which Franklin was a member, took its rise. Almost every public man, at that early period, deprecated the growth of slavery, and was an advocate of at least gradual emancipation.

But, as time went on, changes of opinion came. During the first fifteen years of the Union, the slave States had made gigantic strides towards power, and in 1809 the Abolition Society had to record a great change in public feeling towards their cause. The area of slavery was rapidly increasing. The wastefulness of slave labour and the consequent rapid exhaustion of the land made the acquisition of fresh land a constant necessity. As new territory was acquired, the Southern people demanded that it should be opened to slavery, and that their preponderance in the Union should be secured to them by the admission of new slave States.

But there was more than this. The trade and prosperity of New England and the middle States were in great measure bound up in their union with the slave States. Thus it happened that Pennsylvania and New England, though often sore in conscience, yielded to claims which their better mind dis-

¹ From an autobiographical letter.

² This was written many years ago.

avowed. For thirty years the political history of the United States is little more than a lamentable story of insolent threats and breaches of compact on the one side, and base compromise and compliance on the other. Up to 1830, and for many years following, throughout the North the feeling was such that the two political parties vied with each other in *disclaiming* hostility to slavery. As a witty American once expressed it, "their struggle was which could get soonest to the bottom of the gutter."

It was in the face of popular opinion of this sort that the members of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society had to carry on their work. They put themselves, small body as they were, in array of battle against the gigantic power which held the whole country in its grasp.

About 1829 a more aggressive spirit entered the ranks of Abolition in the person of William Lloyd Garrison, a champion equipped by Heaven with every gift for the conflict. Having learned the trade of a printer, he wrote, composed, and printed with his own hand his protests against slavery. As the attitude of the Abolitionists became more decided, the popular dislike to them grew deeper and more rancorous. They were ostracised, and in a democratic country ostracism harsher than the harshest we can know is possible. Society is not there divided into self-protecting circles, in which individuals find the sympathy of their own class a bulwark against the inroads of others. In the dead level of democratic equality, a man who by his opinions or actions renders himself obnoxious or conspicuous, is like a boat in an open sea. Every wave breaks over him. The *respectable* class raised their voices to reprobate and denounce the proceedings of the "pestilent sect." They were debarred from the use of all public halls and meeting rooms; their meetings were broken up; mobs of "gentlemen" were formed to hoot and howl down their

speakers. At best they were treated with coldness and suspicion.

Among the foremost to endure all this dislike and censure was Lucretia Mott. During all the period between 1833 and 1860 hardly a day passed without some active effort on her part to help forward anti-slavery work. With her this unceasing warfare was a religious necessity; but it was a warfare carried on without tumult or excitement, and with the entire unself-consciousness which is the accompaniment of the noble mind. She sheltered and aided fugitive slaves; she helped and befriended free coloured people; she bore unceasing testimony against that hostile prejudice shown towards the negroes, which was the peculiar sin of the North. She travelled from place to place preaching the doctrine of emancipation. Few that ever heard her can lose the memory of her face, full of sweet solemnity, her grave tranquillity of manner, and the singularly full and musical tones of her voice. Her discourses were usually of the most direct and simple character, forcible in their entire simplicity, though here and there broken by a sentence of poetic force and beauty—a thought which suddenly illuminated the theme like a shaft of light.

In recalling the small and fragile figure of that speaker, so entirely gentle, so exquisitely womanly, it is hard to think that more than once she had to face the violence of hostile mobs; and that her long Quaker cloak was singed with vitriol, thrown through the windows by a howling crowd of proslavery zealots during an anti-slavery meeting.

Referring to the burning of Pennsylvania Hall by slave-owner sympathisers, Dr. Channing wrote of the persons who were then driven by the fire from the building:—

"In that crowd was Lucretia Mott, that beautiful example of womanhood. Who that has heard the tones of her voice, and looked on the mild radiance of her benign and intelligent countenance, can endure the thought that such

a woman was driven by a mob from the spot to which she had gone, as she religiously believed, on a mission of Christian sympathy !”

But more hard to bear perhaps than brutal and violent opposition, was the odium attached to her as a *woman* Abolitionist. She had daily to meet the criticism and insults of the dull, luxurious class, padded with its vulgar interests and common-place wisdom, the class which, if it be not the incarnate enemy of everything good, is an eternal hindrance to it.

In spite of criticism Lucretia Mott retained her tranquillity, and possessed her soul in peace. Once, in speaking to the present writer of this time in her life, she mentioned that some persons of her own religious community had refused to recognise her in the street and railway, which, to use her own measured expression, “had caused her considerable pain.” But her calm and gentle manner was never ruffled. Words of complaint or even comment rarely passed her lips, and no odium ever deterred her from steadfastly witnessing against the prejudices of society. When travelling by the railway, she would usually make her way to the seat behind the door (allotted to persons of colour), and speak kindly to the passenger avoided by all others.

At Mrs. Mott's table were often to be found men and women who, though black, were, through their intelligence, worthy of being her guests. If an English peer happened to be of the company the same day, not a shadow of a shade of difference could be detected in the sweet and dignified courtesy of their hostess. Perfect simplicity and unworldliness, combined with a natural dignity and gentleness, entirely peculiar to herself, gave a charm indescribable to her presence. As she approached any high theme a serious animation deepened on her face, and her voice became full of solemn sweetness.

Even those most prejudiced against the cause she represented were often, on meeting her, amazed and subdued. After the celebrated trial of Daniel

Dangerfield, a fugitive slave, during which Lucretia Mott appeared in the Court as the friend of the slave, Mr. B——, the counsel for the Southern master, met Mrs. Mott's son-in-law, the advocate on the other side, and said, “I have heard a great deal of your mother-in-law, H——, but I never saw her before to-day. She is an angel.”

On one occasion she and all the audience and speakers were being driven from an Abolitionist meeting by an angry mob. She placed a friend who was with her under the care of a gentleman.

“But what shall you do ?” asked the lady.

“This man,” answered Mrs. Mott, touching the arm of a man among the hooting opponents, “will see me, I think, safely through.”

The man instantly responded to the appeal, protecting her, as well as he could, from further insult as they passed through the crowd.

A writer, himself of a pure and noble nature, thus describes with singular correctness the charm of Mrs. Mott's personal presence. Referring to her work in connection with the Anti-Slavery Society, he says :—

“Always present at the annual meetings, she was one of the most impressive and delightful of the speakers. Indeed, the loftiness, the purity, the tranquillity of her mien and manner will be always memorable to those who have heard her. The precision, peculiar to her Society of believers is in her only elegant repose, and a simplicity as lovely as it is severe. Time seems not to have touched her intellectual vigour ; and her clear and profound moral insight, the nobility of her nature, the inexpressible sweetness of her manner, the consecration of a spotless life to the welfare of the oppressed—a life showing that the most active interest and participation in the common interests of society may enhance the loveliest womanliness—all these inspire the most affectionate reverence for Lucretia Mott.”

It was in 1833, when the slave power was reaching its zenith, that a National Anti-Slavery Convention was called in Philadelphia. It met on the 4th of December. Good old Benjamin Lundy, earliest of the Abolitionists, meekest and most resolute of men ; Whittier, the young poet, whose genius never bent to any ignoble

theme; the buoyant and fiery Garrison, of whom it was truly said, "that no man loved his fellow-creatures more, or feared them less"; Goodall, and Green, and Lucretia Mott, were the most prominent of the band who sat during those short winter days, and signed the Declaration which has since become a national monument. In drawing up this memorable paper, several modifications and alterations were suggested by Lucretia Mott. "She gave her reasons," says Wilson, "why these should be made, with such clearness and precision that they were readily assented to." The paper is at once a declaration of principles, and a manifesto of policy. By it the Abolitionists denounced slavery as a crime embracing all crimes, and pledged themselves to a line of action which they believed would ultimately cause its overthrow. The paper closes with these words:—

"Submitting this Declaration to the candid examination of the people of this country, and of the friends of liberty throughout the world, we hereby affix our signatures to it; pledging ourselves, that, under the guidance, and by the help of Almighty God, we will do what in us lies, consistently with this declaration of our principles, to overthrow the most execrable system of slavery that has ever been witnessed upon earth; to deliver our land from its deadliest curse; to wipe out the foul stain that rests upon our national escutcheon; and to secure to the coloured population of the United States all the rights and privileges which belong to them as men, and as Americans, come what may to our persons, our interests, or our reputations."

The time has passed for calling the late American War "a war of Independence," "a war of tariffs," "a war between the antagonistic elements of aristocracy and democracy." Slavery was the cause of the war. If a desire for Free Trade, sectional jealousy, and the hatred of a planter-aristocracy had to do with it, slavery was behind them all. It was the cause of all causes. And it was the Abolitionists who, from the beginning, declared slavery to be the centre of strife.

When, in 1833, they put forth their Declaration, they threw down a gage of battle. They were aware that their

position was a perilous one. But high hope sustained them. "Let us be prepared," said the President of the Convention, when at the close of the short winter day the little band prepared to separate, "Let us be prepared for the worst. Let us fasten ourselves to the throne of God with links of steel. If we cling not to Him, our names to that document will be but as dust."

Scarcely a member of that Convention but had to bear his share in the increasing popular dislike which followed. Some were denounced by name in the newspapers; some received threatening letters. Garrison, two years later, was dragged through Boston streets with a rope round his neck. The gentle, long-suffering Benjamin Lundy, after having been driven from place to place, saw his every earthly possession destroyed in the burning of Pennsylvania Hall.

"They have not yet got my conscience," said the brave old man. "They have not yet taken my heart."

In 1840, a World's Anti-Slavery Convention was held in London, and Mrs. Mott was one of the delegates appointed to represent the Pennsylvania Society. Her credentials, and those of two other representatives, were not accepted because they were held by women. She and these two ladies, however, were treated with all courtesy and respect, and admitted to chosen places as spectators. The full absurdity of refusing such a worker as Lucretia Mott her place among the representatives of the anti-slavery cause was apparent, and did much, as Mrs. Mott herself said, to bring the question of the claims of women into view. Mr. Garrison marked his disapproval of the action of the Convention, in refusing Mrs. Mott a place, by declining himself to sit as a delegate.

A somewhat curious incident is told, which connects this American leader among women with one who has been called the "foremost English lady of her time," Florence Nightingale:—

"When Mrs. B—— was in America she visited Mrs. Mott, and the following record

was made by one who was present. Talking of Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Mott asked Mrs. B—— what had incited Florence Nightingale to go out of her quiet home sphere to minister to the suffering soldiers in the Crimea. With indescribable grace and impressiveness Mrs. B—— replied, 'Seed of your own sowing, Mrs. Mott.' The English visitor then went on to explain that years before, when in 1840 Mrs. Mott and the other American women were denied admittance as delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, many courteous attentions were shown to the ladies in question to soften the refusal. On these social occasions there was naturally much talk on the subject of 'woman's sphere.' Among those who heard Mrs. Mott give her views, and who listened with the deepest interest, was Mrs. B——'s aunt, who was also an aunt of Miss Nightingale. By this lady was this seed transplanted into the young hearts of her nieces, and Florence Nightingale's labours, with their far-reaching results, both in example and otherwise, may, in part at least, be traced to the sweet and gentle, but none the less impassioned appeals of the unknown and unheralded American teacher."

Lucretia Mott, like Garrison, and Wendell Phillips, and Whittier, lived to see the triumph of the cause to which she had devoted her life, and to witness also one of the most singular reactions in popular feeling which can be found in the history of any nation. She lived to hear the Proclamation of Freedom of January, 1863; and to witness also the swift ebbing away of the miserable prejudice towards people of colour. That time also caused a strange revolution of feeling towards herself as an Abolitionist, and brought with it a general recognition of her claim to admiration and esteem, was to her of little import. The criticism of the world had never greatly moved her. Her latter days were days of peace. She lived to see her great-grandchildren round her knee; and to the last she was attended by all

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

More than this,—as those who saw her might reverently guess, she dwelt within that inner chamber of serenity and peace, reserved for the soul which has been ever guileless towards the world, and loyal to God.

One picture of her as a closing memory.

In the spring of 1859, all Philadelphia was thrown into excitement by the trial of a Daniel Dangerfield, before mentioned, claimed as a fugitive slave, who had been seized under the powers of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. The hearing of his case took place before the United States Commissioner sitting in Philadelphia. The trial lasted part of two days. A great crowd, principally composed of the lower part of the population, with a large intermixture of the Irish working class, whose jealous antipathy to the negro was too often shown, was gathered round the court room. In the crowd were hundreds of black people, waiting to hear the fate of their comrade, expressing their hopes and fears with tears and exclamations. The cause on both sides was argued with ability and obstinacy. The trial continued all day, and on through the night till the dawn of the second day, when the Court adjourned for a few hours' rest, and resumed its sitting at ten o'clock. During all those long hours, Mrs. Mott remained in the court sitting by the side of the prisoner, sustaining him under the anguish of suspense, as they awaited a decision which would make him either a free man or send him back to the power of an angry master. Through some discrepancy of dates in his claim, the slave owner was defeated, and Daniel Dangerfield was acquitted.

The sentence had been awaited with intense excitement by the crowd outside, and it was evident that there might be danger to the acquitted man in leaving the State House. But when the doors were thrown open, and he met the crowd, shouts and angry cries were hushed in silence, the people fell back, making a pathway through their ranks for the released black man. But he was not alone. By his side, and with her hand resting on his arm, walked Lucretia Mott, protecting, as she had done through all her life, the unpopular and the oppressed.

AGNES MACDONELL.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

In the summer of 1874 a number of navvies were at work upon the line of railway between Glasgow and Paisley. They stood back upon the approach of an express train which, after passing them, would cross a lofty viaduct. The engine was in sight. One of them saw that a sleeper had started, and that unless it was replaced the train would be wrecked,—wrecked upon the viaduct. There was no time for words. The navvy made a sign to his nephew standing beside him, and the two rushed forward. They fixed the sleeper, saved the train, and were left dead upon the line.

The funeral was largely attended, especially by fellow-workmen, who had turned out to do honour to their comrades. "We laid them," writes the Rev. James Brown,¹ "in the same grave, in an old churchyard on a hill-side that slopes down to the very edge of the railway. As the two biers were carried down the hill, the bearers being the friends and comrades of the dead, the trains were coming and going. No fitter resting-place could have been found. I thought of Tennyson's lines on the Duke of Wellington's funeral in the crypt of St. Paul's:

"Let the feet of those he wrought for,
Let the tread of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore."

"I hope some day to get a simple stone set up that will be seen by passing travellers."

¹ Of St. James's Manse, Paisley. He wrote in March, 1875, as follows:—"I am not aware that any account—other than the reports in the newspapers of the time—has been written of the brave deed, but I will make full inquiry and get the best record of it I can to send to you. Your request on the head has suggested to me the thought of perhaps writing some little narrative of it for some magazine. The lessons which the deed of self-sacrifice teaches are certainly worth enforcing."

I do not know if the "simple stone" has been set up, but I know that in a place far away, one that they had probably never heard of, there is a monument to the two men of more enduring worth, which has grown up around the orphan child of the elder of them. This little girl was the first child received into a home at Clapham where other children succour a few forlorn and destitute little ones; teach them, work for them, play with them, and help to support them. Such an orphan home is so far peculiar, and yet so easy to be imitated, that it is worthy of description in these pages.

A lady near London who has a large boarding school for girls, was not satisfied to carry on mental and physical training with the help of incessant and judicious exercise, and to trust the moral nature to precept and example only. She saw that if girls were to be noble and unselfish women, thoughtful and considerate to parents, mindful of the sorrow and care of those around them, they must put into practice consideration for others, and judiciously exercise their goodwill.

Moral precepts, however carefully instilled, do not of necessity lead up to self-sacrifice, and the practice of religion and morality are as essential as sound doctrine. But practice is beset with difficulty in youth, and under the conditions of school-life. The sorrows of men and women are mainly beyond the range of apprehension of young people, and should not prematurely be forced upon their notice. Charitable work confided to them should be simple, natural, and within their power. Now the wants of little children appeal to the understanding and sympathy of the young; work for and with children is easy and natural, and within the power of a child.

School life offers limitations. There

ought to be absolute regularity of work and perfect discipline in every large school. The mechanical arrangements necessary to secure these essentials, preclude friction; and there is little opportunity for the give and take of home life. School life runs in a groove, and in this lies both its perfection and its defect. Something beyond the school is needful for the discipline of the child, as something beyond the home is necessary to enlarge the sympathy and call out the full powers of the adult.

The schoolmistress of whom I speak set herself the task to discover work for her girls which should not make too great demands upon their time, their thought, or their sympathy; which should enlarge the school horizon, and prepare them for a worthy future. She tried the experiment of bringing poor children from London for a day's holiday in the country. She found that very suspicious outbreaks of measles and other disorders were apt to occur subsequently amongst the girls who had waited upon and played with the London children. This experiment had to be abandoned.

She took some of the elder girls by turns to visit the poor. This plan also failed. Girls, who are and can be merely spectators of suffering and want, become either callous to the manifestation of it or morbidly sensitive. They are satisfied with desultory or impulsive almsgiving. It is not well to stand by as an onlooker when others are chastened by want or pain. It cannot be done with impunity, and the young suffer more deterioration even than the adult, if they become so familiar with the sight of sorrow that it calls out no sympathetic throb of anguish, and leads to no helpful effort.

It is difficult to say which child has suffered most, the one who cannot sleep, or sobs in her dreams, at the remembrance of little children stretched on beds of pain in the hospital, or the other who reflects how much better off she is, and how grateful she ought to be, and how nice it is to give a shilling

or a toy of which she is tired, to a poor person who is duly thankful.

The lady of whom I speak tried some experiments, and devoted much thought to the subject; and in 1874 she heard the story of the heroic death of the two navvies, and the destitute condition of the orphan child of one of them. She sent for this little girl, received six others equally forlorn, has gradually increased their number to sixteen, has established them under a matron in a small house near the school, and has discovered that her difficulties are at an end.

She has found work for her pupils, which is unattended by risk, in which girls of all ages can take some share, which makes no great claim upon their time, and does not demand more mature thought or keener sympathy than they are able to give. The sorrows of little children appeal readily to their understanding and compassion; the wants of children are intelligible and can be supplied. Kindly deed and thoughtful love can be put into practice, and will grow as the girl grows. Motive and action can be watched and trained, the hand that gives will be guided by the heart that feels, and feels aright. It is not enough to let young people hear good sermons, read good books, and contemplate good examples. A very noble unselfish person may make all around him selfish and self-seeking, if they are shut out from participation in the self-sacrifice that lies at the root of true nobility; and we not unfrequently find that love of duty and desire to live for others have been extinguished, by the sedulous attention paid to the physical wants and intellectual training of children of the middle class.

And now we will consider what the small orphanage attached to a large school may and can do, and how it is to be supported. In the case in point, the orphan children are trained for domestic service, which they enter at about fourteen years old. They learn house-work and cooking; they wash and bake; they make and mend their own clothes. The chief requirement in such a home is the

matron, who must be motherly, wise, and kind, not above her work, able and willing to teach the children, and to work with them. There are plenty of women who for 20*l.* a year will thankfully accept such a post.

The large house will always be able to supply a certain proportion of broken victuals to the small; if a farm is attached to it there will be milk and butter, eggs and vegetables to spare. There will be furniture and fittings which, with the frequent renovations of the best schools, can well be bestowed upon the orphanage and adapted to it. House-rent and taxes will, near London, be considerable, but in the country such a home as children who are to go to service ought to have, should not be expensive. It should never be forgotten that the orphans are to be educated and trained for domestic service; if, as is sometimes the case, they are made spoilt and petted children, they receive as grave an injury as can be done to them.

And now we come to the work of the school girls. The elder volunteer to teach, and the education of the orphans, under supervision of more experienced instructors, is confided to them. No girl can well spare, or should be allowed to devote more than one hour in the week, but if she does this regularly and without any break, giving up any unexpected pleasure, and making sacrifices for the sake of her duty to others, she will not only do good but will receive it. The school girl who volunteers to teach, and none should be urged to do so, will take an eager interest in her little orphans. She will want to "get them on," and the difficulties of the process will not be without excellent result. The endeavour to teach others is the best way to show a girl not only what she does *not* know, but how she ought to work, and if she knows this she at once becomes more helpful to others and gains much for herself.

There are many girls who wish to work for the orphans, and yet who cannot teach; they have no taste for it, are not qualified, or their help is not

wanted. Some of these, who can do nothing with the three R's, can help the orphans with needlework, teach them to sew, and hem, and knit; talk to them "like a mother," as a little girl once said that another very little girl had done, and impress upon them the need of clean hands and aprons, and careful work, tidily folded up and put neatly away.

A very little girl, who can do nothing else, can help one of the orphans to keep tidy the small shelf and share of cupboard assigned to her, to fold her night-dress, and take pride in seeing her bed as neat as it can be made to look. All children have pleasure in household work, and most children have pleasure in all reasonable employment that has an object. It makes them feel "grown up." In a large school there are so many types of character and such variety, that assistance will be available for the orphans in every direction, and girls will learn that they can always do something to help another, if they have the will and are prepared to give up self.

There are girls with artistic taste who will paint the panels of cupboard doors, and give occupation and delight to the children who gather flowers, collect leaves, and watch the wonderful performance of the "young lady" who can copy all these things "like life." The love of nature as well as the love of art is called out, and the children will love the flowers of the field all the better for their love of the flowers on the cupboard door.

Other girls have an incipient love of carpentry. Nothing pleases them so much as to drive a nail, or mend a box, or fix up a curtain. There is room for them and their work in the little house; and they also teach something, if it is only that there is no reason why a housemaid should not use a hammer and nail when it is wanted.

There are girls who love good children, and girls who love naughty ones. Little girls are very observant of the naughty tempers in other little girls; often very patient, and most anxious to make other children "good."

Cast off clothing will naturally go from the school to the home; girls will tell their parents of the work which excites so much interest, and the small number of orphans will be easily and well clothed from garments discarded or outgrown.

Money will also be given. The girls will contribute small sums and will see that giving means not merely putting money into a hole in a box, but spending it for the good of others. Those who have left school will not fail to give from their allowance to the support of a work that has grown under their own hands. And thus, if the attempt is not too ambitious, if it is not allowed to outgrow the school, there need not be, and there ought not to be, any appeal to the public to support an institution which is the outcome of private benevolence.

Very little time and thought would show any head of a large school how many orphan children could be supported, lodged, and fed by the charitable efforts of the school. Better take only three or four, and place them in a cottage with a poor and honest woman to mother them, than allow yourself to be led on by cases that appeal to your sympathy, until the orphanage outgrows all possible relation to the school, and has to fight for its existence with other institutions before the public.

Charity associated with debt, and with that form of dishonesty which spends money not our own in the expectation that we may get it from others, is not true charity. Children should know nothing about it. They should be taught to give what they have got, and not to give something and expect to obtain it from others without any sacrifice soever on their own part.

When two people are hungry one is not to eat the whole loaf. That is really what we want to teach children, and it must not only be instilled as a maxim, but the habit to give a share of the loaf and careful thought for the

hungry must be encouraged by practice, and it will extend to every good gift. Education, well-being, happiness, all these belong to all, and must be shared by all. The orphans of the universe have a right to them. The happiness of children should never be allowed to consist in their own mere selfish enjoyments. Christmas and New Year should bring thought of the little orphans, and active preparation for their happiness, which the school girl will share though she is absent from them. Every orphan in the home will have a friend, a "young lady" who will be kind to her, will sympathise with her sorrows and troubles, write to her when she goes to her first "little place," understand her trouble and her sorrow at being separated from her companions, and keep alive in her the love of home and friends, and of all things excellent and of good report.

All this is very good for the orphan, and it is very good for the school girl.

She, who has learnt as a child to give to others time from her own leisure, money from her own pocket, pleasure that has cost a sacrifice, who has seen sorrow which she knows how to alleviate, trouble which she has been able to lighten, who has learnt—

"To meet the glad with joyful smile,
And cheer the weeping eyes,"

will also have the inestimable gift of:

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise."

Such a girl, returning to her own home, will take with her willing hands for service, a loving heart to cheer parents who have toiled for her, and are beginning to grow weary of the struggle of life, a possibility of unselfish devotion which has been called forth in youth and wisely directed, though the full development and the gracious abundance of it will be seen only in the woman, the wife, and the mother.

FRANCES MARTIN.

CLASSICAL ARCHÆOLOGY IN RELATION TO LITERATURE AND HISTORY.¹

THE subject of archæology is far too vast, not merely for my knowledge and abilities, but for those of any one man. In the wider sense of the term, archæology may be made to comprise the history of institutions, of law, of manners; indeed there is scarcely any branch of the knowledge of the past with which it may not claim to concern itself. And even if we take the term in its narrower and now more usually accepted sense, as the science only of the history of the outward and material life of man in past ages, and especially of the extant works of human ingenuity, yet even then the historical limits of our subject are set by the first appearance of man on the earth, and its geographical limits are those of the world itself.

To a knowledge of all branches of a subject so vast no man can reasonably aspire; or if there be one or two men living who have so keen an insight into style, and so practised a knowledge of human handiwork that no object produced by human labour seems quite unfamiliar to them, I certainly have no claim to be one of these few. I therefore feel confident that I shall best discharge my duty to my University and to Mr. Disney, the founder of the Chair which I hold, if I consider myself concerned only with classical archæology. And indeed classical archæology alone is of such extent that the student can expect only to know a little portion of the field here and there as time and opportunity may have served.

No doubt Christian antiquities, those of the Middle Ages, those of the Renaissance, those of India, China, Japan, and of Mohammedan countries are all in their own way of the utmost

interest, and worthy of all attention. Each of these branches of the great study of archæology might well occupy a life-time, and on any of them a life-time might be usefully and fruitfully spent. Each has its peculiar charm, and each is capable in scientific hands of becoming far more important and valuable than it has yet been. But so long as classics are considered, as in my opinion they must always be considered, as the foundation of a literary education, so long the study of classical, and more particularly of Greek antiquities, will have especial claims on the attention of Cambridge men.

The relation of classical archæology to archæology in general is almost precisely that of classical to general philology, or that of classical to general philosophy. It is not pretended in any of these cases that the classical branch of the study absorbs the whole of its interest. But in each case the classical branch has been for many generations a subject of special study, a strict method has been followed in its exposition, the highest intellects have been continually exercised upon it. Of course, the worth of the remains which have reached us of the scientific and artistic activities of the ancients possess in themselves an immense value. But it is not so much this value which makes the study of the classics indispensable to a good education as the neat way in which the field is circumscribed, the exactitude with which it is mapped out, the pains which have been taken with the culture of even the remotest and least important parts of it. To take philology as a special instance. It is certain that immense pains are continually taken with small points of Greek and Roman verbal derivation or usage, pains apparently quite out of proportion to the interest

¹ Inaugural Lecture, delivered at Cambridge, 3rd February, 1881.

of the matter in hand. The same amount of trouble bestowed on some one of the less cultivated fields of philological science would produce results which from the point of view of pure knowledge would appear far more valuable. But a classical philologist would defend this disproportional devotion of time and energy to small points, on the ground alike of the extreme value of the least ray of light which can be from any quarter shed on classical literature, and of the importance that some one branch of philological research should present a model for all other branches, should be all that human labour and skill can possibly make it. And it is obvious that the branch thus selected for detailed and elaborated perfection ought to be the one wherein the young have their training. The student who is faithful in little things may be intrusted with greater, and he who has been in classical philology thoroughly and methodically trained to weigh the force and trace the descent of words, will carry the same method into other departments of philology and even into other studies.

The analogy in the case of archaeology is complete. Here too we have a well fenced field in the classical branch of the subject. In Germany more than in England classical antiquities have occupied for generations the best energies of a set of scholars of the greatest ability, men such as K. O. Müller, and Boeckh, and Welcker. In all German universities there is a professor and a class of students especially devoted to this one subject. Long discussions as to the meaning and character of the works of classical artists are incessant, small discoveries as to the history of a particular design or the authorship of a type bring distinction and fame. In its classical branch archaeology is now a highly organised and well ordered whole, and thus a standard is set up after which those who occupy themselves with other branches of the subject may continually strain. And so

a gymnasium is prepared where the minds of students may be formed, and imbued with the methods which should be practised in all the domain of archaeology.

Students who approach classical archaeology may be actuated by very various purposes. There are many who have gained from the perusal of the classical writers a certain familiarity with ancient manners and thoughts, who are acquainted with the usual works on ancient history, and who feel that their ignorance of ancient art and of the external circumstances of the life of the Greeks and Romans is a decided blank in the circle of their knowledge and a frequent originator of misconceptions. Such students have not very much time to give, and they are unable to undergo a long course of archaeological discipline. They desire to reach results by the shortest paths, to select from the armoury of the archaeologist such weapons only as will help them in the studies to which they have specially devoted themselves. They are willing to attend lectures, to read a few books so long as they are not too technical, to spend an occasional day in a museum. They are disposed to listen to those who will give them any help in understanding the relation of ancient art to literature, or even better to comprehend detached passages in the classical writers.

I can scarcely be mistaken in supposing that to this class may be rightly assigned a large number of the teachers and students of classical literature at Cambridge. And in fact at Cambridge the study of the classics has so long been dominated by a philological and literary rather than a historical and archaeological spirit; we have so long been used, except perhaps in the case of philosophy, to regard rather the words of the ancients than their meaning, their style than their matter, that the interest felt in archaeology often stops short at that point. Those on whom falls the task of instruction in archaeology here must be

content to find the larger part of their audience composed of listeners of this class. And I think that they should for a time be willing to accept this state of things. And although archaeology reserves her choicest secrets and her dearest delights for those who give all their time and energy to her alone, yet I venture to think that even a small expenditure of time and thought will enable all classical students to obtain from archaeology some real light on their own subjects. If the reader of Homer will take the trouble to compare the Homeric descriptions of works of art with actual specimens of ancient craft from graves in Cyprus and Rhodes and at Spata, he will learn a great lesson as to the working on its narrow surroundings of the glorious though infantile fancy of the poet, whose genius turns all that it touches into gold, and finds life and motion in the rudest representations, clothing them with that splendour of fancy which the superstition of the barbarian confers upon his wooden images of the gods, or the imagination of young girls on their dolls. So again those who pass in review the arrangements of the Olympic Festival, or, far better, spend a few hours on the soil of Olympia itself, now uncovered by German archaeologists, will better understand not merely detached passages in Pindar's Odes, but the meaning of the odes themselves and their position in relation to ancient life. What light do the column of Trajan and the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars cast on the pages of Tacitus and Suetonius! How necessary is some knowledge of the temples, the religious processions, the superstitions, the popular manners of the age of Pericles as a corrective to the narrative of Thucydides, full as it is of narrow political bias!

I think, then, that any attention on the part of students of classical literature to the archaeology of ancient life will be of use. It will be something even to have one's eyes open to the existence of a source of entirely

independent light, which may be made to fall on ancient life and ways. I have been told by teachers of long experience at Cambridge, that it is quite usual to find among classical students so complete an absence of the feeling of the reality of ancient life, so complete a stagnation of the historical imagination, that they will sometimes in construing put into the mouth of one of the characters of history or fiction a sentiment in ludicrous disaccord with his position and with what might have been expected, and will do so without any sense of incongruity. I would venture to say that were the teaching of archaeology, even of the most rudimentary sort, usual in our schools and universities, it would tend to cure this disease. The mere illustration of the classical writers by engravings from works of ancient art, may do something, so long as the one condition is rigorously observed, not to use for purposes of illustration a work of art of an age quite different from that of the author illustrated. Still more may be done by the use in class of photographs and casts of coins and gems and reliefs, which may happen to illustrate the author who is being read, if the selection be made with wide knowledge and sufficient discernment.

But of course the genuine student of archaeology, who takes up the subject in a serious spirit, will soon pass beyond these poor elements. Such students have, since the changes in the classical tripos, become possible at Cambridge; and I may venture as one of the class to speak a few words for the attraction or encouragement of younger brethren.

The first thing which an intending student of archaeology should note, is that archaeology is an inductive science. Its method indeed is nearly the same as that of the physical sciences which do not involve recourse to experiment, such sciences, for example, as botany and geology. Indeed, the prehistoric branch of archaeology is almost considered as a part of the science of geology, the products of primitive man

being so mixed up with the remains of primitive animals, that these two sets of objects can scarcely be treated of apart, and neither can be satisfactorily examined except in conjunction with inquiries into the history of rocky formations and into the processes through which the surface of the earth has passed. Hence, geology being a specially English study, prehistoric archaeology has attracted considerable attention in this country, and is on all sides allowed to take its place among the recognised inductive sciences which deal with our physical surroundings.

The space between prehistoric and classical archaeology is bridged by the archaeology of the great empires of the east—of Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria, with their subject and surrounding peoples. In this case the monuments are partly artistic and partly epigraphic, and by comparing the one class with the other, it has in late years been found possible to throw a flood of light on the history and the manners which prevailed before the rise of Greece rolled the world on to a new level of civilization.

In prehistoric archaeology, then, our only sources of information are the monuments of the time. In early oriental archaeology we have in conjunction with the monuments a running commentary of inscriptions. But when we reach Greek archaeology we have yet a third source of information, namely a literature. For the term literature cannot as yet be applied to the papyri of Egypt or the baked tablets of Assyria, nor to the scanty remains of writers like Berosus and Ctesias, who wrote of the great empires of the east. And the two reasons which place Greek archaeology at an immense height above that of the earlier peoples are, first, the inherent superiority of Greek artistic workmanship, and secondly the close connection between Greek art and the marvellous literature and the wondrous history of the Hellenic race. The excellence of Greek art in itself has

caused a study of it from the practical point of view to be regarded as the indispensable commencement of an artist's training, and attracts to our galleries of antiques thousands of visitors who know nothing of Greek life and history. But the true archaeologist is not content to regard this excellence merely by itself. He wishes to search for its origin alike in the genius of the Greek race, and in the teaching which they derived from earlier art. He wishes to trace its progress and decline, its various phases and geographical distribution. And he wishes to observe its close connection with the religious beliefs, the moral condition, the manners and the customs, the poetry and literature, of each successive age of Greek development. To him archaeology is to be pursued in subordination to history, and in contemplating each period of Greek development he will try to elevate his mind until he can see in close relations to one another the two parallel streams of Greek literature and Greek art, neither of which can be fully appreciated unless viewed in relation to the other.

There is thus in Greek archaeology a large admixture of the literary element. The classical writers must ever be in the hands and the mind of every student of archaeology. Yet this literary element, although as an element indispensable, must never be allowed too dominant a position. It was because they studied monuments in too strict subordination to the literary point of view that the older archaeologists made so little progress. In our own day the progress of classical archaeology has been prodigious. It has advanced as fast as almost any of the physical sciences. And the reason of its advance is just that it has adopted the methods of physical science. Induction in all its forms of comparison and abstraction has for some time been the familiar method of the classical archaeologist. And although he is not able literally to add the

method of experiment to that of observation, yet something closely resembling experiment does exist. Future excavations furnish a perfect test of the rightness or wrongness of a theory generalised from a number of examples.

I will take two instances to exhibit alike the scientific exactness of the method of modern archaeologists and the far-reaching value of their results.

Some twenty years ago little was known as to the artistic character of the Phœnicians, and it was entirely a matter of hypothesis and argument how far the Greeks had copied their handiwork and been influenced by their style. Suddenly this question has been made luminous from many sides at once. Sir Henry Layard found in the ruins of Nimroud a number of bronze bowls with *repoussé* designs of which the style differed in many respects from that of other Assyrian monuments, and showed a decided likeness to the art of Egypt. Their real origin was at first scarcely suspected, but when vases of not dissimilar style were found, as they soon were, in Cyprus and in Italy, it began to be suspected by acute archaeologists, such as Dr. Helbig of Rome, that they must have been spread into countries so far apart by the agency of Phœnician merchants, and were probably the productions of Phœnician workshops. And at once came a vast mass of evidence in support of the theory. A bowl of the class was found at Palestrina, in Italy, with a beautifully incised legend in Phœnician characters. And then whole groups of tombs were explored in Cyprus, in Rhodes, in Italy, where, in conjunction with works of which the style could now be identified as Phœnician, there occurred masses of metal-work, of painted vases, of terracottas. In Cyprus temples of Phœnician origin were exhumed still full of figures, large and small, made of stone and of terra-cotta, and representing divinities of the Syrians and Sidonians. It would be possible now to

stock a rich museum with remains of Phœnician handiwork, many of them bearing inscriptions. And the light thrown by all these discoveries on the character of the Phœnicians is immeasurable. In discussing the question what the Greeks owed to them in religion, in art, and in science, we no longer move in the dark, guided by a few stray passages of the ancients and the *ignis fatuus* of theory. We now proceed by argument founded on wide induction, and support our conclusions not merely by an appeal to reason, but by an appeal to sense, and to that knowledge of style which, when founded on long experience, is as rapid and true as an instinct.

The later art of Greece will furnish us with a second instance. Three lines of Pliny and five of Pausanias constitute the whole of what the ancient writers have to tell us about the school of sculpture of Pergamum. "Many artists," says Pliny, "sculptured the battles of Attalus and Eumenes against the Gauls." Pausanias tells us of a trophy set up by Attalus I. on the Athenian Acropolis, with representations of the battles of the Gods and Giants, and the Athenians and Amazons, of the fight at Marathon, and of his own victory over the Gauls; the figures two cubits high. Until quite recently it was not known that we had sculptures of the Pergamene school, and it was debated whether the *anathéma* of Attalus consisted of reliefs or of detached figures. The learned Raoul-Rochette first showed that the group called Paetus and Arria in the Ludovisi Gallery at Rome represented a Gaul slaying his wife and himself, to save himself and her from captivity, a group which would be a likely subject for a sculptor of the court of Attalus. Then it was seen how similar in style and idea to this group is the figure formerly called the dying Gladiator of the Capitol, and now known as the dying Gaul. Professor Heinrich Brunn made

a special study of these sculptures, and was able from them alone to form some idea of the Pergamene style of sculpture. Then by the light of that knowledge he advanced to a most brilliant and happy discovery. He found in several of the museums of Europe—at Venice, Naples, the Vatican, the Louvre—small statues of overthrown and wounded combatants. The style of these sculptures is the free and advanced style of the period after Alexander, their size corresponds with the words of Pausanias, their treatment is like the treatment of the dying Gaul of the Capitol. Putting all these detached statues together, some of which had failed to attract attention, while others had been pronounced modern, Professor Brunn was able to prove that we have in them remains of the groups of combatants from the trophy of Attalus at Athens, and even representatives of the defeated party in every group, of Giants, Amazons, Persians, and Gauls. When this had once been proved, our knowledge of the history of ancient art received an enormous accession, and a view was given us of the state of art and manners in Asia Minor under the Pergamene princes. If Professor Brunn's theory required verification like other scientific theories, it would certainly have received it, when within the last year or two there were discovered at Pergamum itself, and taken to Berlin, the sculptures of a gigantic altar, sculptures which in style bear the closest likeness to the scattered figures of Giants and Gauls brought together by Brunn.

Put into the hands of a trained classical archaeologist an object of Greek work without telling him anything about it, and he will proceed towards its scientific explanation by the well-known methods of inductive science. He will begin by discovering in it characteristics which enable him to attribute it to a class, or rather to several intersecting classes. In respect to date, he will assimilate it to one class of monuments; in respect to

place, he will observe some flavour of locality or school. Also, in respect to subject, he will class it with monuments which he knows. Suppose that on these grounds alone he decides that it is of Athenian work, and represents an offering to Æsculapius, and afterwards learns that it was dug up in the temple of Æsculapius at Athens; or, again, suppose that he decides on intrinsic grounds that it belongs to the time of Alexander the Great, and afterwards discovers that it was found in a tomb, together with one of Alexander's coins. What verification could be more complete or more strictly scientific?

Thus, in classical archaeology, progress is made from the known to the unknown. The statements of trustworthy historians, the discovery of inscriptions, the evidence afforded by excavations, give us fixed points. About those fixed points we group our facts in such a way as to afford a connected and consistent system. And as that system is being formed, it is continually tested in this point and in that by some fresh excavation, or the publication of some unedited monument. Only the theories which are not disturbed or shattered by successive discoveries can survive; and thus archaeological theories, like those of other branches of science, are being ever cast into the crucible, whence they emerge purified from dross, or where their superficial glitter disappears beneath the hard and irresistible action of facts. But not a year passes without adding to our stock of proved and safe generalisations.

It is clear, then, that we must make distinction between the two sides from which monuments of ancient handiwork may be approached: the side of action and the side of knowledge, the side which belongs to the artist, and that which pertains properly to the archaeologist. What the artist first requires in any ancient work is beauty and meaning. To him the productions of the youth and of the decline of ancient art are

not interesting; he loves it only in its maturity. He will pass with a gesture of anger or contempt some uncouth work which yet contains a secret to be revealed to the understanding mind. To the archaeologist proper, on the other hand, who looks at the products of ancient art in the dry light of science and of intellect, there is no work which has come down to us which can be called "common," and scarcely any so "unclean" that he cannot extract from it some useful fact, as Samson gathered honey from the dead carcase of the lion. His question on first seeing any production of ancient hands is not "Does this please or displease me?" nor yet "Is this beautiful or deformed?" but rather, "What can I learn from this?" He will at once endeavour to explore to the uttermost its meaning, the relevance of every detail, the intention of every touch of the workman's hand. He will assign it to a class, and at once begin a comparison between it and the other works of that class.

Hence it becomes the main pursuit, in any exact and reasoned study of archaeology, to determine the place which gave birth to each of the works of art which successively come up for judgment, as well as the time at which that birth took place. Time and place might be in philosophical language termed the *forms* of archaeological inquiry, and he who can rapidly and correctly assign the works of any class to their proper districts and periods is in *external matters* a passed master as regards that class of antiquities. Of course, there are other and perhaps higher inquiries still remaining—questions of meaning and interpretation, of beauty or deformity, of progress or decline; but, comparing the study of archaeology with that of language, we may say that the study of the classification of antiquities by time and place is like learning the grammar of a language, its accidence and syntax. Other questions correspond rather to the study of the literature and poetry belonging to

that language; or, to put it another way, the classification of antiquities is like the practice of scales by a learner of music, while the interpretation of antiquities is like the study of the works of great masters.

Grammar must precede the reading of literature, scales and musical exercises must come before the study of Beethoven and Mendelssohn; and in the same way, in the study of any branch of archaeology, we must begin with that class of objects which will best train our eyes and our judgments in the especial questions of time and place. As regards Greek archaeology in particular, there can be no question as to the class of monuments most fitted for the use of a beginner who wishes thoroughly to master the subject. I mean Greek coins, the extent and variety of which are marvellous, which were issued by every little town in every corner of the Greek world, and which are full of information as to ancient religious cults, manners, and art. As M. de Longpérier, who is well versed in all classes of Greek antiquities, expresses it to me in a recent letter: "Coins are serious monuments of public use, bearing on them indications of time and place, either quite exact, or, at the least, approximative. This is an immense advantage of theirs over all other monuments. By studying the types, the style, the inscriptions of coins, we may gain a key to the interpretation of all other antiquities."

Next to coins probably come Greek painted vases, which illustrate abundantly the mythology and the private life of the ancients, but the value of which to students is very much diminished by the great uncertainties which exist as to the date of the various classes of ware, and by the blind way in which the inferior artists who painted the clay copied one another, and the haste and carelessness with which they worked. Of Greek sculpture, with the figures and reliefs in bronze, marble, and terra-cotta, we need not now speak, because the value

of this class of monuments is more generally appreciated, seeing that they appeal not only to our intellects and love of knowledge, but also in the highest degree to our æsthetic faculties. These must always be valued even by artists who know nothing of Greek literature and history, and to whom archaeology is an unopened book. But they can never be fully understood or properly appreciated until approached in the strictly historical spirit, and regarded as occupying a definite place in the development of art and the history of ideas.

It is generally understood that the interest of Roman archaeology is very inferior to that of Greek. The Romans were naturally deficient in artistic spirit and men of genius among them devoted their attention to other matters than sculpture and decorative art. Hence in the whole domain of artistic production the Romans were little better than imitators. Greek gods and heroes are the subjects of their art, such art as they had, and the canons under which they worked were imported from Greece. Nor is there at Rome any living connection between art and literature such as existed among the Hellenes. What was original in Roman literature, satire and law and politics, did not require the service of art. Yet although in itself and in a literary point of view the archaeology of Rome be inferior, yet it is not without great interest to the student of Roman history. The topography of early Rome has been wonderfully illustrated by the very complete excavations of recent years; and for later Roman history quite a storehouse of facts is offered by triumphal arches, by columns, and by medallions. Indeed the reliefs of such a work as the column of Trajan are really in many respects original and national, and for their prototypes we must probably go back not only to what is Greek but to the wall-paintings and reliefs of Assyria, Lycia, and Egypt.

Such then is, in my opinion, the method of classical archaeology, such the objects with which it is concerned, and such its relation to literature. But it would be doing the study a great injustice to pass over in silence the greatest of its charms and the richest of its fruits. I have tried to show that classical archaeology is sober and sound, and that it is useful. But I have not shown why it is charming and attractive, why it fascinates those who adopt the pursuit with a spell which grows stronger and stronger year by year. As I approach the subject of the relation of archaeology to history, I leave the province of intellect for that of feeling and imagination, and I must crave the indulgence of the older part of my audience if I to some extent abandon argument for declamation, for it is especially to the younger among my hearers that I would on this subject address myself.

The aspects in which history may be regarded are as many as the tendencies and prepossessions in the mind of man. One historian cares only to trace in the past the workings of political tendencies and forces; another is absorbed in following the succession of phases and modes of civilization; another regards historical records as the chronicles of the struggles of races and national temperaments; another sees in the annals of nations nothing but a series of biographies of great men. Yet perchance all would alike concede that one of the greatest benefits bestowed by the muse of history on her votaries is that she lifts them out of the ordinary dull routine of a monotonous life and conveys them through bygone scenes and to distant countries; that she enlarges their ideas through the contemplation of states of civilization different from the present; that she widens their charity by laying out before them a vast panorama of forgotten beliefs and endeavours; that she softens their hearts with emotions of pity and admiration for persons who

have lived and died; that she helps them to the goal of right action by mapping out the course whereby others have attained that goal.

But the history which should enlighten the intellect and furnish wings to the imagination, which should make men truly wise, is not to be lightly approached. Only by long and patient discipline alike of mind and fancy can the genius of history be mastered and compelled to do our bidding. To read the pages of historians, to remember the sequence of events and their dates; this is something indeed, but it is only the first step in the study of history. It is but the first step, and there are three. The second step is to go back to original documents, to read the statements of writers who were contemporary with the events they record; to pore over inscriptions, treaties, letters, charters; to place side by side the statements of authorities who have accepted divergent stories as to certain occurrences, and from the comparison to attempt to elicit truth. He who has thus concentrated all the scattered rays of light which original records and documents can shed on the history, be it only of a little Greek city, an Italian family, a German reformer, an English convent, may claim to be an honest and conscientious chronicler, but to him we should as yet be inclined to deny the name of historian.

Before chronicles become history they must be fused by the fire of imagination and re-moulded by a man who combines some of the qualities of the poet with some of the qualities of the man of science, and who can put together naked and disjointed facts according to a scheme or idea which dwells in his mind. And the birth of a formative idea, though it can take place only in a mind adapted by nature, yet in such a mind it will occur when due preparation is made by previous study and thought. Long and laborious is the historical training of the imagination. It demands the concentration of all the faculties,

the absence of mean cares and congenial pursuits. There are two methods whereby it may be accomplished, two methods whereof either separately may partly avail, but only when the two are combined can rich and full and satisfactory results be attained.

The first method or way is the perusal of the literature of the country whose history is the subject of our study. In the literature of each age the spirit of that age finds its freest and most splendid development. When we read the Odes of a Pindar, the Idylls of a Theocritus, we seem to hold a close communion with their minds—minds with which all the spirits of their contemporaries were in close concert. The poet is the mirror wherein the spirit of his time is reflected, and if we gaze on the mirror long enough and steadily enough the forms reflected in it become real, and we seem to dwell among them, to see with their eyes and feel with their hearts. But this is not only the happy privilege of poets. The condition of scientific thought in the best ages of Greece is as accurately reflected in the pages of Plato and Aristotle as are Greek emotions in the songs of the lyrical poets. In the works of the dramatists we see clearly the condition of an important branch of Greek art; we learn what thoughts passed across the minds of the audience which sat all day long in the theatre of Dionysus at Athens on the great festivals. The orations of Demosthenes and Lysias show us to what passions the fiery orators of Athens could make a sure appeal, and on what prejudices they could safely play in order to arouse sympathy and win a cause. Thucydides brings before us in the liveliest form the working of the minds of Greek politicians, the objects of their statesmen, their views of political forces; while on the other hand the older and nobler narrative of Herodotus exhibits the simple piety and open love of knowledge which distinguished the Greeks of the generation

which witnessed the repulse of the armies of Persia.

It is no doubt presumptuous in me to speak thus of Greek literature in the presence of many who are far better acquainted with it than I am or can ever hope to be. I merely mention the place held in the study of Greek history by literature, for fear that I should be supposed in any way to depreciate or to fail to see its value. But the point to which I would gladly lead the consent of my auditors is this, that in spite of the value of the study of classical literature, it is yet in itself not sufficient for a full and complete Hellenization or Romanization of the imagination. There is even yet something that lacks.

The imagination may be roused by the poetry of the ancients and interested by their histories, but it can never be fairly seized and held captive amid the scenes of ancient life and history unless it be approached through the senses. Not only must we sympathise with the emotions of the Greeks and Romans and share their aspirations, but we must also see with their eyes and feel with their hands, stand where they stood, and sail where they sailed. It would be most satisfactory if every student of classical literature could climb the Acrocorinthus and look across the narrow sea at the gleaming temples of Athens; or look from the Acropolis of Athens and see the highway of the *Ægean* blocked by *Ægina*, the eye-sore of the *Piræus*; or could sail the beautiful *Ægean* amid the clustering islands which seem to draw on the mariner by degrees from one to another until he reaches new lands and a fresh climate; or could wander on the Palatine at Rome and trace the walls of early Rome, and observe the sites of the first temples of the Republic, and look away thence to the hills where stood in early times the little citadels which sheltered the enemies of the babyhood of Rome. All this I say is most desirable; indeed I incline to think that no one who has not stood

in Pompeii can imagine the vast gulf which separates ancient from modern manners, or understand how far less complex was that civilization than ours.

But all cannot travel, and even those who do travel need a special preparation to enable them to gain all that may be gained from a stay in lands of classical antiquity. The great substitute or complement for foreign travel is the study of archaeology, which, no less than it, acts directly on sense and imagination, and gives to our conceptions of ancient history and manners a vivid reality which they would otherwise never attain. When we carefully restore on architectural principles the Olympieum or the Erechtheum, when we follow the rise, development, and fall of Greek sculpture, when we examine and compare the innumerable vase-pictures which the piety of the ancients towards their dead has preserved to us, when we hold in our hands the gems wherewith heads of houses sealed their deeds and their cupboards, and the coins which they carried to the fish-market, we acquire through sense a connection with the ancients which is instinctive in character, and of a wondrous force. From feeling with them in small things we learn to appreciate them in greater, until their literature and history alike seem to rise from the grave of centuries and become once more alive.

Surely there never lived a people on the life of which external surroundings worked with deeper effect than on the Greeks. Certainly no people was ever so surrounded on all sides by the works of its own hands—works which acted at every moment on the mind both consciously and unconsciously. In the Greece of history every city was full of temples and porticoes, and every portico, every agora, and every temple, was one vast storehouse full of works of great painters and sculptors. Nor were these intended merely to please the eye and intoxicate the senses. There

was not a statue and not a relief which did not speak to all beholders of some incident of mythology, or some notable deed of history. Mythology and history alike stood there in concrete form in all the streets and public buildings of the country. The Greeks did not hear or read of the gods and the deeds of their own ancestors; they saw them every day wherever they went. Love of their native city was not with them a sentiment, but a passion for this temple, that painting, that stoa. And when they went into their houses the same scenes which they had witnessed without, met them again within. The walls of their rooms, and the pottery of common use, were all painted with exploits of gods and men. Their very mirrors and pins were adorned with human figures, not one of which wanted its meaning. Thus to the Greeks the works of their artists were not merely things to admire, and symbols of worship, they were geography, history, religious teaching, and literature. For the common people the rare scrolls of parchment and papyrus which held the writings of authors were far out of reach; it was less through the ear than through the eye that they received the education which raised them out of the narrow limits of the present. How then can any one aspire to understand Greek manners, Greek civilization, Greek history, if he is ignorant of the chief source of Greek education, and knows nothing of what occupied constantly the largest part in the minds of the people?

"Great and health-giving" is the phrase applied by an eminent statesman to the science of archaeology, and great and health-giving it is. Great because it treats of the outer or external side of all the works of man since he came into being, health-giving because it adds a venerable, almost a sacred character, to all the products of the energy of our fathers and ancestors natural and spiritual, and so

imparts a dignity to life, and a strongly developed sense of a common humanity. And most health-giving is it because it deals entirely with facts, not with words, with actual objects, and not with mere ideas. To the archaeologist every fragment of wood, of stone, or of metal, on which a human hand has worked, is an embodiment of a thought, an illustration of a phase of civilization. Everything has a meaning and a history, and tells of human effort, human progress, human culture.

And in a lesser degree this health-giving property attaches to any, even the least, study of archaeology, if only it be honest. If every man who has a fancy would but give attention to the archaeology of that fancy he would like it better as well as more intelligently. The lover of boating would do well to try and solve the vexed question how the Greeks and Romans arranged and rowed their huge galleys. The athletic man would fix a root in the past if he followed the course of the Greek games, and compared ancient with modern feats. Any man who built a house would build it the better for knowing how houses were arranged in ancient and mediæval cities. Any man who painted a picture would paint it with surer hand if he knew the phases through which the art of painting passed in ancient times. Thus each of us may make himself a spiritual ancestry reaching back into the dawn of history, and know to which of these ancestors of his talent and his method he owes each of the means which he uses for his own purposes. And thus will arise a feeling of continuity to mingle with the current of our lives, as well as a strong sense of the dignity of the position which every man occupies in the history of mankind, and of the permanent results in the world, either for good or ill, of every action, and even every thought.

PERCY GARDNER.

POULTRY-KEEPING IN NORMANDY.

IN a former paper on poultry-keeping,¹ I took occasion to speak generally of what is practised in France, with the view of showing that much more of the success of the French people in the rearing of poultry and the production of eggs is due to their extraordinary carefulness and thrift, than to any supposed advantages in the matter of climate. I will now go further, and, having obtained more information on the subject, will venture to assert that it is not, as is often stated, her being a great grain country that makes France so prolific in poultry and eggs, but a general belief in the profits to be derived from poultry-rearing which causes that industry to be so universal and its results so superabundant.

If we could get this belief established upon a solid basis in the three kingdoms the poultry battle would be won, for it is to individual effort that we must look for our supplies, and effort is sure to be forthcoming when profit is seen to be matter of certainty.

I will confine my remarks to Normandy, for nowhere can the French poultry question be better studied for our purpose than in a province where we find, not only conditions of soil and climate very nearly approaching to our own, but also modes of culture varying with the changes in its natural features, and an immense variety of products; together with a system of land tenure by leases not much unlike that which prevails amongst ourselves, and side by side with it that peasant proprietary which many hold to be a strong bulwark against Communism, and which does, indeed, appear to be a main factor in the material prosperity of France. The possibility of obtaining a vested interest in the soil must naturally conduce both to thrift and the love of order, and it is not

usually from the prosperous agricultural classes that the ranks of Red Republicans are recruited. From the ordinary remarks upon the subject it might fairly be supposed that every French peasant, as a rule, was possessed of a property of more or less dimensions, upon the produce of which he was able to live; whereas the real fact is that a young man, or a man in the prime of life, who either buys or inherits a piece of land, looks upon it as something to fall back upon, a spot in which to end his days, but never dreams of ceasing to work on the farm he already rents, or at whatever other employment he may happen to hold; either letting his acquired possession to some one lower than himself in the social scale, or, if he be a tradesman or hotelkeeper, keeping it in his own hands to cultivate by means of hired labour, going out from time to time to look after it, until the day arrives when he may fairly retire from business, and live in ease and competence, or at any rate spend his declining days in less toilsome labour.

Thus we find in Normandy farmers of all sorts and conditions, from the man who has but one *hectare*, or even less, to the wealthy cultivator of a hundred or more; leases are as a rule, exceedingly short—three, six, and nine years very common, and twelve or eighteen years exceptionally long terms.

We have now to examine what part poultry-rearing plays in the social economy, and as a commencement it may be interesting to visit Honfleur, watch the bi-weekly departure for England of steamers laden with a never-ending succession of chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, and eggs, and inquire where they come from, remembering at the same time that Honfleur is but one of the Norman outlets for this kind of export, and that other ports, including those of Brittany, are constantly contributing to us their quota.

¹ "Poultry-keeping as a National Industry," by Jane Chesney.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1880.

From Honfleur is principally despatched the produce of the districts around Lisieux, Pont l'Évêque, Cormeilles, Pont-Audemer, &c., and of the small towns along the lower part of the Seine; although much of the latter is now sent by the railway to Havre, instead of, as formerly, to Honfleur by the river boats. Honfleur is, however, the centre of a very important trade, and it is quite astonishing to see the immense quantities of poultry, eggs, butter, and fruit which arrive there for shipment.

When you ask where the poultry and eggs come from, you will be told that they are bought by dealers in the markets of the neighbourhood—and even in those at a considerable distance—and shipped by men who make this matter their special business; and you will also hear that the high prices obtained in England make the trade extremely lucrative.

It is evident therefore that three profits at least must be realised, besides the payment of freight and carriage, before these articles appear upon our tables; and it is perfectly certain that we should not receive any of them unless our payments were such as amply to compensate every person engaged in the transaction, Norman shrewdness being most unlikely to spend its labour for nought. It therefore surely concerns us to discover by what means this industry is made so remunerative, and whether there is any valid reason against our carrying it on with equal success. Some say that it is because France is such a grain-producing country that she rears so many fowls. This is a question that has to be set at rest, for if grain-growing and poultry rearing are necessarily connected, the British Islands may at once resign all attempts at competition with their Continental neighbours.

To decide this matter for myself I undertook a kind of Norman *Voyage en zig-zag*, not following the beaten tracks, but plunging into out-of-the-way regions, taking good care to “interview” the people as much as

possible, so as to learn from all and sundry everything I could get at that bore upon the poultry question; and the more I saw the more I became convinced that the great bulk of the poultry which is imported from Normandy comes, not from the great arable lands of the Vexin and other grain-producing districts, but from the pastoral valleys, and is reared, not upon the large farms, but in the snug homesteads—by the small cultivators, in short, who produce fowls in small numbers but in constant succession. As a matter of course, however, poultry is reared everywhere; the large farm will have its hundreds, and the smaller one its fifties; but the farmer's wife, who has a large household to provide for, consumes her own produce, and rarely sells. She keeps poultry as a convenience and as a main point of economy, but as a general rule does not rear for the market. On the contrary, she very often buys young chickens to increase her stock from those who make hatching their business. Now and then, however, the mistress of a large farm will devote herself very much to poultry-keeping, and find the doing so extremely profitable; but in that case she usually prefers selling eggs to fattening fowls, only carrying on the latter business to the extent of utilising whatever food would otherwise go to waste.

On such a farm as this you may see, if you can get them called together, something like four or five hundred hens, and in the spring time perhaps half that number of ducks and geese; while later there will probably be a goodly number of turkeys, occasionally the handsome white ones, destined, poor birds, to be plucked alive like the geese, for the value of their feathers.

In one's thirst for knowledge, however, it is well to abstain from direct questions, for the wily Norman always suspects his interlocutor of an ulterior design, and can rarely be induced to give a straightforward answer. To suppose that he would tell you truly what he sold his horse or cow for at the last fair, or the exact price he gave for

his pigs, would be the wildest absurdity. If it imports you to ascertain such a fact, you must either weigh one thing against another and draw your own conclusions, or learn the truth elsewhere.

To do the Normans justice, however, you almost always meet with the greatest civility; even if a stranger, you will be shown all over the farm as soon as you have expressed a wish to see it; and making allowance for a little boasting or a little depreciation, according to the idea your host may have formed of your object, you will be able to gain a very fair idea of how things stand; and it is always interesting to compare French ways of doing things with our own.

How like England in many respects is Normandy! How familiar are its trees and flowers! But for the far-stretching arable tracts, divided only by lines of apples and pears, the quaintly primitive carts and implements of husbandry which still remain in many places, the blouses of the men, the headgear of the women, and a felicitous absence of anything like squalor or misery, we might easily fancy ourselves at home, especially when driving for miles between the tall hedgerows of a veritable Devon-hire lane, with teeming orchards on this side and that, and sleek cattle contentedly browsing or taking their noontide repose—the illusion being, perhaps, still further carried out by the persistent downpour of rain. But with these external features the likeness ceases; or, at least, to find it in manners and customs, we must step backwards for nearly a century, to a time when housewifery was not an extinct virtue in England, and homely customs still prevailed amongst us.

In Normandy you find almost in its pristine vigour that ancient institution, the district fair, and market day wakes into a perfect Babel the sleepiest of little towns. From the market you gain an excellent idea of the productions of the canton, and may form a pretty fair estimate of the extent of its resources, the quality of its cereals, its dairy produce, and its live stock, and may even gather much

of the character and peculiarities of the people, whose customs often differ materially even from those of their not very remote neighbours. But to see a market properly, it is necessary to arrive overnight at your destination, and, waiving all idea of sleep, to secure a room overlooking the *Grande Place*.

From an early hour in the evening, and all through the night, arrive the buyers and sellers in a continuous stream, so that by early dawn the little town is filled to overflowing. Open carts, tilted waggons, long vehicles of mysterious build, drawn by huge Norman horses, deposit merchandise of every description, and at the first streak of daylight business opens, it may be, with the sale of calves, to be followed consecutively by that of poultry, pigs, grain, hay, cattle, butter, and vegetables; and these various markets are held not merely in the *Halles* and in the two or three principal squares, but in every street and alley, while later in the day the aspect is that of a regular fair. Booths of all kinds in increasing numbers spring up like mushrooms, a red umbrella of Broddingnag proportions doing duty for a tent; and serious business being over, one sees the places lately consecrated to bales of merchandise overspread with toys and *chiffons* of all sorts, even to smart bonnets and caps of latest provincial fashion. Some productions will naturally be always found, while the absence or presence of others will be determined by the prevailing culture of the district, fruit and vegetables, for instance, being splendid in some places, whilst in others they scarcely approach mediocrity. Pears are often immense, and so are cabbages, while it is not at all uncommon to see *radis gris*, which the peasantry eat so largely, weighing from two to three pounds each.

It is, however, the poultry market which specially claims our interest, and here, according to the time of year, ducks, turkeys, geese, and fowls, either fattened or ready for the process, will be found, generally in quite surprising numbers, but, except in special dis-

tricts, no particular breed is usually affected. There are parts of Normandy in which only black fowls find favour, but as a general rule any good large cross-bred birds will sell, and they usually go off with extraordinary rapidity, those of special breeders being bought up as soon as they appear on the ground, and almost indeed before the women have had time to open their baskets. At St. Pierre sur Dives and other great poultry centres, there are particular fairs at which chickens not twenty-four hours old are sold in thousands to those who make it their business to rear them; while in autumn young turkeys are bought up in great numbers by the large farmers, and turned out upon the stubbles to carry on the preliminary fattening processes with great economy and little trouble to their owners. In the neighbourhood of Formeries, for instance, droves of three hundred turkeys may be seen feeding together in this way in charge of a child. At Gournay it is the custom to eat duck on the feast of St. Clare, which happens in the month of June, just when these birds are most plentiful and exactly ready for consumption. The duck fair at that time is a sight to behold. A duck should be killed as soon as its wings have crossed; if properly fattened it will then be in perfection, and from that moment, no matter how much you may feed it, it will only deteriorate.

French ducks are therefore fattened up quickly and killed early, which is the great secret of economy in this branch of poultry farming. When reared for the Paris market the earlier they can be brought to perfection the better. In February 1880, Duclair ducks fetched fourteen francs each in their own market, to be sold at nineteen in Paris, and at anything like this rate the industry must be excessively remunerative. No wonder, therefore, that not merely along the banks of the Seine, but almost all over Normandy, especially in the well-watered valleys, every peasant or small farmer rears ducks.

Around Duclair, and even in remote districts, the velvet-clad, white-breasted beauties which have won so many laurels in their own country, and have now come over bravely to compete with our Aylesburys and Pekins, are the prime favourites, though many contend that black ducks put on flesh much more rapidly than any other kind. But in other parts of Normandy we often find in preference a handsome cross-bred bird, which has all the brilliant plumage of the Mallard, with a considerable admixture of white feathers, and grows rapidly to a great size. The breed to be adopted depends, however, very much upon locality. Near the *embouchure* of the Seine, just above the spot where it is joined by the river Rille, there exists a semicircular marshy plain of considerable extent, backed by wooded hills and called the Marais Vernier. The part nearest the hills has been reclaimed and let out in market gardens and fields which are remarkable for the growth of excellent seed wheat, but much of the remaining part is peat bog and swamp, the lake in the centre being greatly frequented by wild duck. The people near the Marais therefore breed immense quantities of small brown ducks, much esteemed in the market, sometimes giving the eggs of the wild birds to tame ones to hatch, and having also a number of cross-breeds, which are turned out every day to provide for themselves in the Marais, but recalled and fed at night lest they should happen to take a fancy to go off with their wild companions. Some people have flocks of four and five hundred—for duck keeping in the Marais is a lucrative business, although a tax is collected for fowls as well as animals sent there to graze, as is done in all places where there is a *pâturage commune*. Five francs a year is the ordinary rate for a cow and the same sum is paid for a gander, three geese, and their progeny, be they few or many. The cows, must be driven to pasture, but geese will go and return by themselves, even when the distance is as much as

seven miles, and when they come back to the village they know their own dwelling perfectly.

Gradual changes, consequent upon increased railway facilities, seem to be taking place in Norman farming. For example, Gournay, which thirty years ago was surrounded by arable land, is now the centre of a vast pastoral tract, where butter, second only to that of Isigny, is produced in immense quantities, as are also cheeses, which are renowned far and wide. The best qualities are sent to Paris, and all the rest, beyond what is required for home consumption, exported to England and elsewhere. Great *laiteries* have also sprung up which send milk to the capital, and whereas butter and cheese-making used to be a principal business on every Norman farm, it is now very frequently found wanting, as it proves to be better economy selling the milk or cream. The business done depends of course greatly upon the situation of the farm. In the great plateau of the Vexin and other elevated districts you see nothing but tillage for miles and miles, root crops and grain crops succeeding each other in constant succession, just as in other districts you will scarcely see so much as a field of corn. It is, however, principally in these latter districts that poultry-keeping is carried on by small cultivators, but around Lisieux and St. Pierre and in some other parts it is quite a separate trade.

As layers, small breeds of fowls are very much preferred to the larger ones, both as cheaper to feed and as laying larger eggs. In many districts square-built black hens preponderate, while in others cuckoos have a well-deserved repute. Houdans of course have their partisans, and Crèvecoeurs are unrivalled in their own part of the country, while many people will have none but the very pretty, well-shaped, lively, and bright-looking Poule de Gournay, a black-and-white bird something like the Hamburg, with a comb resembling that of the Minorca, which seldom asks to sit, and lays a great number of

large white eggs. One farmer's wife said she kept about 400 hens of this kind, and usually sold 12,000 eggs in the year, after supplying the wants of her large household and rearing about 400 chickens; and she might probably have doubled the number had she been able to give more attention to the matter.

Artificial incubation is gradually making its way in Normandy, the Voitelier incubator being found to be a real success by all who use it intelligently. I conversed with several people who practised artificial hatching, and their testimony was all in its favour. One *fermière* had had her incubator in use for three years, and found no difficulty with it since she had taken to keeping it in a room where she could often look at the thermometer. She added that she was able to rear a much larger percentage of chickens from a given number of eggs than she could do with either hens or turkeys. I am bound, however, to say that I found incubators only among quite the superior class of farmers, and even then only here and there; it will probably be some time before the thrifty Norman peasant will be found to expend his earnings upon one; nor do I believe that artificial incubation has yet arrived at that perfection which would commend it to that class of persons whose wives and daughters have leisure to devote to their little poultry-yards, and by whose ceaseless care and attention so much profit is made.

The conclusion at which I have arrived is, in the main, that which I propounded last year, that there is nothing to prevent our succeeding as well as our French neighbours, in keeping poultry, provided we will use the same means that they do, namely, thriftiness, carefulness, and adaptation to our surroundings. But if we want to diminish our imports by increasing the home supply, we must contrive that poultry-keeping shall become general, and be the industry of the many, instead of the pastime or the speculation of the few.

J. CHESNEY.

In Memoriam

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE POMEROY-COLLEY.

February 27, 1881.

GENTLE and brave, well skilled in that dread lore
Which mightiest nations dare not to unlearn;
Fair lot for thee had leapt from Fortune's urn,
Just guerdon of long toil; and more and more
We deemed was for her favourite in store;
Nor failed prophetic fancy to descry
Wreaths of high praise, and crowns of victory,
Which in our thought thy brows already wore.

But He who portions out our good and ill,
Willed an austerer glory should be thine,
And nearer to the Cross than to the Crown.
Then lay, ye mourners, there your burden down,
And hear calm voices from the inner shrine,
That whisper, Peace, and say, Be still, be still.

R. C. DUBLIN.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOSE who from however great a distance have shared in the long vigil held in that "little house at Chelsea," of which so much has been heard and said in recent days, must have felt it something like a personal relief and solemn satisfaction when the last bonds were loosened, and the old man, so weary and worn with living, was delivered from his earthly troubles. "They will not understand that it's death I want," he said one of the last times I saw him. He said the same thing to all his visitors. As he sat, gaunt and tremulous, in the middle of the quiet, graceful little room, with still a faint perfume about it of his wife and her ways, still so like himself, talking in the cadenced and rhythmic tones of his native dialect, which suited so well the natural form of his diction, with now and then an abrupt outburst of that broken laugh which is so often only another form of weeping, weariness had entered into his soul. Great weakness was no doubt one of its chief causes; but also the loneliness of the heart, the solitude of one whose companion had gone from his side, and who, though surrounded by tender friends and loving service, had no one of the primary relationships left to him, nothing of his very own still remaining out of the wrecks of life. His course was over years ago—nothing left for him to do, no reason for living except the fact that he was left there, and could do no other. It is scarcely too much to say that the whole nation, in which nevertheless there are so many to whom he was but a name, attended him, with uncovered head and unfeigned reverence, to the little churchyard in Annandale where he is gathered to his fathers. No one now living perhaps, apart from the warmer passion of politics, on the ground of

mere literary fame, would call forth so universal a recognition—certainly no one whose voice had been silent and his visible presence departed for so long before the actual ending of his pilgrimage.

It is possible that any disturbance so soon of the religious calm and subduing influence of that last scene would have seemed harsh and unseasonable; but there is more than any mere sentimental objection to the immediate awakening of contending voices over the Master's grave, in the feeling with which we regard the book which has been so hurriedly placed in our hands—the last utterance of the last prophet and sage, what should have been the legacy of ripest wisdom, and calm at least, if not benignant philosophy. That Carlyle was not one who regarded contemporary progress with satisfaction, or had any optimistic views about the improvement of the world, we were all well aware. But never had his great spirit stooped to individual contention, to anything that could be called unkindness; and we had no reason to expect that any honest and friendly contemporary on opening this posthumous record should receive a sting. But now the book, so long mysteriously talked of, and to which we have looked as, when it should come, one of the most touching and impressive of utterances, has burst upon the world like a missile, an angry meteor, rather than with the still shining as of a star in the firmament which we had looked for. The effect would scarcely have been more astonishing if, after having laid down that noble and mournful figure to his everlasting rest, he had risen again to pour forth an outburst of angry words upon us. Had we been less near the solemn conclusion, perhaps the shock and surprise would have been less

painful; and it is possible, as some one says, that "a hundred years hence people will read it with the same interest." But this has little to do with the immediate question, which is that this record of so much of his life reveals to us a far less impressive and dignified personality than that which—in the reverential myths and legends of the gods of which Carlyle in his old age has been so long the subject—his generation has attributed to him. It is hard to contend against the evidence supplied by his own hand, and it will be very difficult to convince the world that we who think differently of him knew better than himself. Nevertheless, there will no doubt be many eager to undertake this forlorn hope, and vindicate the character he has aspersed.

It is scarcely possible that there should not be an outcry of derision at such an idea. Who, the reader will say, could know him so well as himself?—which is unanswerable, yet a fallacy, so far as I can judge. No one has ever set a historical figure so vividly before us, with dauntless acceptance of its difficulties, and bold and strong presentment of an individual, be he the real Cromwell or Frederick or not, yet an actual and living Somebody not unworthy (if not perhaps too worthy) of the name. But in this latest work of all, where he has to deal not with historical figures but with those nearest and most dear to himself, I venture to think, with respect, that Carlyle has failed, not only in the drawing of himself (made in one sad and fevered mood) but also of those in whom he was most deeply interested and ought to have known best. Nothing can prove more curiously the inadequacy of personal impressions and highly-wrought feeling to reach that truth of portraiture which the hand of an unconcerned spectator will sometimes lightly attain. The only figure in this strange and unhappy book which has real life in it, and stands detached all round from the troubled background, is that of the man who was least to the writer of all the

group, most unlike him, the vivacious, clear-headed, successful, and brilliant Jeffrey, a man in respect to whom there was no passionate feeling in his mind, neither love, nor compunction, nor indignant sympathy, nor tender self-identification. The sketch of James Carlyle, which for some time has been talked about in literary circles, with bated breath, and which critics in general, confused and doubtful of their own opinion, have turned to as the one thing exquisite in these reminiscences, is after all not a portrait but a panegyric—a strange outpouring of love and grief, in which the writer seems half to chant his own funeral oration with that of his father, and enters into every particular of character with such a sense of sharing it, and into the valley and shadow of death with such a reflection of solemnity and awe and the mystery of departure upon his own head, that our interest is awakened much more strongly for him, than by any distinct perception we have of his predecessor. It is impossible not to be touched and impressed by this duality of being, this tremulous solemn absorption of self in the shadowy resemblance; but the real man whom we are supposed to be contemplating, shapes very confusedly through those mists. This sketch, too, was made in the immediate shock of loss, while yet the relations of the dead to ourselves are most clear, strengthened rather than diminished by their withdrawal out of our sight. At such a moment it would be strange indeed if the light were clear enough and the hand steady enough to give due firmness to the outline. That good craftsman, that noble peasant looms out of those mists a hero and prophet like those reflections upon the mountains which turn a common figure into that of a giant. A tear is as effectual in this way as all the vapours of the Alps. Looking back through this haze it is no wonder that the gifted son with all the reverential recollections of his childhood roused and quickened, should see the figures of his kindred and

ancestors, his father chief of all, like patriarchs in the country which in his consciousness had produced nothing nobler. "They were among the best and truest men (perhaps the very best) in their district and craft," they were men of "evidently rather peculiar endowment." The father was "one of the most interesting men I have ever known," "the pleasantest man I had to speak with in all Scotland," "a man of perhaps the very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with."

All this is very touching to read; and it is infinitely interesting and fine to see a man so gifted, whose genius has given him access out of the lowliest to the highest class of his contemporaries, thus turning back with grateful admiration and love to the humble yet noble stock from which he sprang. But with all this it is not a portrait, nor are we much the wiser as to the individual portrayed. "I call him a natural man, singularly free from all manner of affectation," Carlyle proceeds, as if the children and the friends were all met together to render honour to the dead, and could respond out of their own experience with emphatic "Ayes!" with sympathetic shakings of the head, "he was among the best of the true men which Scotland on the old system produced or can produce; a man healthy in body and mind, fearing God and diligently working on God's earth with contented hope and unwearied resolution." It is an eloquent *éloge*, like those which in France are pronounced over the grave in the hearing of friends specially qualified to assent, and to confirm the truth. But at the very highest that can be said of it this is description merely, and James Carlyle never stands before us—let us not say as Cromwell does, but even like Father Andreas in *Sartor Resartus*, who was partly, no doubt, drawn from him, and who with half the pains comes out before us a veritable man.¹

¹ The difference between this descriptive treatment and distinct portraiture could scarcely be better shown than by the following

This is true also I think, with the exception already noted, of all we have in these volumes. There are facts and incidents which no man but he could have reported—some of great interest, some, as was inevitable, of no interest at all—but he whose power of pictorial representation was so great, has not been able to make either his dear friend or dearest wife a living image to our eyes. For this purpose, an imagination not limited by details so well remembered, a mind more free, a heart less deeply engaged was necessary. It is not in nature that we should look upon the figures which walk by our side through life, and share every variety of our existence, as we behold others more distant. Carlyle had neither the cold blood nor the deliberate purpose which would have made such a piece of intellectual vivisection possible. Goethe could do it, but not the enthusiast who fixed his worship upon that heathen demi-god, the being of all others most unlike himself in all the lists of fame. It is hard to understand why Carlyle took Irving in hand at all. It was in the heat and urgency of troubled thoughts, when his wife's death had stirred up all the ancient depths, and carried him back to his youth and all its associations: and many a beautiful stretch of

delightful story recalled to me by a noble lady, an older friend than myself, as told by Mrs. Carlyle of her father-in-law. When they met after her marriage, she offered him a filial kiss, which the old man felt to be too great an honour. "Na, na, Mistress Jean," he said, too respectful of his son's lady-wife to call her bluntly by her Christian name, "I'm no fit to kiss the like of you."—"Hoot, James," his wife cried, distressed by the rudeness, though not without her share in the feeling, "you'll no refuse her, when it's her pleasure."—"Na, na," repeated old Carlyle, softly putting away the pretty young gentlewoman with his hand. He disappeared for some time after this, then returned, clean-shaven and in his best Sunday clothes, blue coat, most likely with metal buttons, and all his rustic bravery, and approached her with a smile. "If you'll give me a kiss now!" he said.

Could there be a more delightful instance of the most chivalrous delicacy of feeling? It is worth a whole volume of panegyric.

that youth, of walks and talks, of poetic wanderings, of dreams and musings which we should have been sorry to lose, is to be found in the long and discursive chapter of recollections which he has inscribed with his friend's name; but of Irving little, not much more than a silhouette of him, dark against the clear background of those spring skies. It may perhaps be supposed that I am scarcely likely to touch upon this subject without bias; but I do not think there was the slightest unwillingness in my mind to receive a new light upon it, nor any anticipation of hostility in the eagerness with which I turned over those pages coming from the hand of a beloved Master, as much nearer to Edward Irving as he was superior to any of us. But here, save by glimpses, and those mostly of the silhouette kind as has been said, is no Irving. There is but a vague comrade of Carlyle's youth, mostly seen on his outer side, little revealing any passion, prophetic or otherwise, in him, a genial stalwart companion, of whom the writer is unwilling to allow even so much as that the light which led him astray was light from heaven. And yet it is with no petty intention of pulling down from its elevation the figure of his friend that this is done, but rather to vindicate him as far as possible from the folly with which he threw himself into what was nothing but wretched imposture and hysterical shrieking and noise to the other. Rather that it should be made out to be mere excitement, the ever quickening tide of a current from which the victim could not escape, than that any possibility of consideration should be awarded to those strange spiritual influences which swayed him. But not to enter into this question, upon which it was natural that there should be no mutual comprehension between the friends, we think the reader will make very little of the man who occupies nominally the greater part of one of these volumes. His open-air aspect, his happy advent when he came on his early

visits to Annandale, giving to Carlyle delightful openings out of his little farmhouse circle, afford a succession of breezy sketches; and we see with pleasure the two young men strolling along "the three miles down that bonny river's bank, no sound but our own voices amid the lullaby of waters and the twittering of birds;" or sitting together among the "peat-hags" of Drumclog Moss "under the silent bright skies." All these are pictures "pretty to see," as Carlyle says. But there is no growing of acquaintance with this big friendly figure, and when we see him in London, always against a background more distinct than himself, though no longer now of "bright silent skies," but of hot interiors full of crowding faces, mostly (alas for the careless record made in an unhappy moment!) represented as of the ignoble sort—it is less and less possible to identify him, or make out, except that he is always true and noble, amid every kind of pettiness and social vulgarity, what manner of man he was. This difficulty is increased by the continual crossing and re-crossing of Carlyle himself over the space nominally consecrated to Irving, sometimes striking him out altogether, and always throwing him back so that even the silhouette fails us. Had he lived a hundred years earlier the historian perhaps would have been no more tolerant of the Tongues or the miracles: but he would have picked out of the manifold ravings of the time, however dreary or unintelligible, such a picture of the heroic and stainless soul deceived, as should have moved us to the depths of our heart: perhaps thrown some new light upon spiritual phenomena ever recurring, whether as a delusion of the devil, or a mortal mistake and blunder; at least have set the prophet before us in a flood of illumination, of reverence, and compunction and tenderness.

But this gift which has made Abbot Sampson one of our dearest friends, stands us in no stead with the man who stood by the writer's elbow, whose breath was on his cheek, who was the

friend and companion of his early years. Strange! and yet so natural, that we have only to interrogate ourselves to understand such a disability. He knew his friend far too well to know him at all in this way. He was not indifferent enough to perceive the tendencies of his being or the workings of his mind. These tendencies moved him, not to calm observation, but to hot opposition and pain, and anxious thought of the results—to the anger and the impatience of affection, not to the tolerance and even creative enjoyment of the poet who finds so noble a subject ready to his hand.

In a very different fashion which is yet the same, the prolonged sketch of his wife, which almost fills one volume, and more or less runs through both, will fail to give to the general reader any idea of a very remarkable woman full of character and genius. This memoir shares the ineffectiveness of the others, and labours under the same disadvantages, with this additional, that his "dearest and beautifullest," his "little darling," his "bonnie little woman," continues always young to him, more or less surrounded with the love-halo of their youth, a light which, after the rude tear and wear of the world which they both went through, it is hard to understand as existing thus unmodified either in his eyes or about her remarkable and most individual person. To many of those who loved her there must be a painful want of harmony between the woman they knew, not old because of her force and endless energy, but worn into the wrinkles and sparseness of age, with her swift caustic wit, her relentless insight, and potent humour—and all those gentle epithets of tenderness, and the pretty air of a domestic idol, a wife always enshrined and beautiful which surrounds her in these pages. That such was her aspect to him we learn with thankfulness for her sake; though it is very doubtful how far she realised that it was so; but this was not her outside aspect, and I shrink a little, as if failing of respect to so dear and fine a memory, when I

read out the sentences in which she appears, though with endless tributes of love and praise, as the nimble, sprightly, dauntless, almost girlish figure, which she seems to have always appeared to him. It must be added that a strong compunction runs through the tale, perhaps not stronger than the natural compunction with which we all remember the things we have left unsaid, the thanks unrendered, the tenderness withheld, as soon as the time has come when we can show our tenderness no longer; but which may make many believe, and some say, that Carlyle's thousand expressions of fondness were a remorseful make up for actual neglect. I am not one of those who think so; but it would be natural enough. That he had any intention of neglect, or that his heart ever strayed from her I am very little disposed to believe; but there were circumstances in their life which to him, the man, were very light, but to her were not without their bitterness, little appreciated or understood by him.

Here is one case for instance. "We went pretty often, I think I myself far the oftener, as usual in such cases my loyal little darling taking no manner of offence not to participate in my lionings, but behaving like the royal soul she was, I, dullard egoist, taking no special recognition of such nobleness." She "took no manner of offence," was far too noble and genuine to take offence. Yet with a little humorous twitch at the corner of her eloquent mouth would tell sometimes of the fine people who left her out in their invitations as the great man's insignificant wife, with a keen *mot* which told of individual feeling not extinguished, though entirely repressible and under her command. And Carlyle did what most men—what almost every human creature does when attended by such a ministry in life as hers; accepted the service and sacrifice of all her faculties which she made to him, with, at the bottom, a real understanding and appreciation no doubt, but, on the surface, a calm

ease of acquiescence as if it had been the most natural thing in the world. She for her part—let us not be misunderstood in saying so—contemplated him, her great companion in life, with a certain humorous curiosity not untinted with affectionate contempt and wonder that a creature so big should be at the same time so little, such a giant and commanding genius with all the same so many babyish weaknesses for which she liked him all the better ! Women very often, more often than not, do regard their heroes so—admiration and the confidence of knowledge superior to that of any one else of their power and bright qualities, permitting this tender contempt for those vagaries of the wise and follies of the strong. To see what he will do next, the big blundering male creature, unconscious entirely of that fine scrutiny, *malin* but tender, which sees through and through him, is a constant suppressed interest which gives piquancy to life, and this Carlyle's wife took her full enjoyment of. He was never in the least conscious of it. I believe few of its subjects are. Thus she would speak of *The Valley of the Shadow of Frederick* in her letters, and of how the results of a bad day's work would become apparent in the shape of a gloomy apparition, brow lowering, mouth shut tight, cramming down upon the fire, not a word said—at least till after this burnt-offering, the blurred sheets of unsuccessful work. Never a little incident she told but the listener could see it, so graphic, so wonderful was her gift of narrative. It did not matter what was the subject, whether that gaunt figure in the grey coat, stalking silently in, to consume on her fire the day's work which displeased him, or the cocks and hens which a magnanimous neighbour sacrificed to the rest of the Sage ; whether it was the wonderful story of a maid-of-all-work, most accomplished of waiting-maidens, which kept the hearer breathless, or the turning outside in of a famed philosopher. Scherazade was nothing to this brilliant story-teller ; for the Sultana required the aid of wonderful inci-

dent and romantic adventure, whereas this modern gentlewoman needed nothing but life, of which she was so profound and unpretending a student. I have never known a gift like hers, except far off in the person of another Scotch gentlewoman, unknown to fame, of whom I have been used to say that I remembered the incidents of her youth far more vividly than my own.

The story of the cocks and hens above referred to is a very good illustration both of the narrator and her gift, though I cannot pretend to give it the high dramatic completeness, the lively comic force of the original. There is another incident of a similar character mentioned in these *Reminiscences*, when the heroic remedy of renting the house next door in order to get rid of the fowls was seriously thought of. But in the case which she used to tell, there were serious complications. The owners of the poultry were women,—alas, not of a kind to be recognised as neighbours. How it came about that members of this unfortunate class should have domiciled themselves next door to the severe philosopher in the blameless atmosphere of Cheyne Row I cannot tell ; but there they were, in full possession. Nor do I remember how they discovered that Mr. Carlyle's rest, always so precarious, was rendered altogether impossible by the inhabitants of their little fowl-house. When, however, a night or two of torture had driven the household frantic, this intelligence was somehow conveyed to the dwellers next door ; and the most virtuous of neighbours could not have behaved more nobly. That very evening a cab drove up to the door, and, all the inhabitants crowding to the windows to see the exodus—a cackling and frightened procession of fowls was driven, coaxed, and carried into it, and sent away with acclamations. Mrs. Carlyle pondered for some time what to do, but finally decided that it was her duty to call and thank the author of this magnanimous sacrifice. Entirely fearless of remark by nature,

past the age, and never of the temperament to be alarmed by any idea of indecorum, she was also, it must be allowed, a little curious about these extraordinary neighbours. She found a person noted among her kind, a bright and capable creature, as she described her, with sleeves rolled up on her round arms making a pie! almost, one would have said, a voucher of respectability: who accepted her thanks with simplicity, and showed no alarm at the sight of her. It was characteristic that any thought of missionary usefulness, of persuading the cheerful and handsome sinner to abandon her evil life, never seems for a moment to have suggested itself. Was it something of that disgust with the hollowness of the respectable, and indignant sense of the depths that underlie society, and are glossed over by all decorous chronicles, which appears in everything her husband wrote, that produced this strange impartiality? It would be hard to say; but she was a much closer student of actual life than he, and with a scorn beyond words for impurity,¹ which to her was the most impossible thing in life, had sufficient experience of its existence elsewhere to give her something of a cynical indifference to this more honest turpitude. She went with no intention of judging or criticising, but with a frank gratitude for service done, and (it cannot be denied) a little curiosity, to see how life under such circumstances was made possible. And there must have been perceptions (as the visitor perceived) in the other woman; she showed her gratitude for this human treatment of her by taking herself and her household off instantly into more congenial haunts.

Even this incident, so small as it is,

¹ I have been told a most characteristic anecdote on this point: how returning one evening alone from a friend's house, in her dauntless way, she was accosted, being then a young and pretty woman, by some man in the street. She looked at him with, one can well imagine what immeasurable scorn, uttered the one word "Idiot!" and went upon her way.

will show how little in her characteristic force such a woman is represented by Carlyle's compunctious, tender apostrophes to his "little darling." The newspaper tributes to his "gentle wife," and the "feminine softness" which she shed about him, which abounded at the time of her death, struck me with a sort of scorn and pain as more absurdly conventional and fictitious, in reference to her, than any blind panegyrics I had ever heard—the sort of adjectives which are applied indiscriminately, whether the subject of them is a heroic Alcestis or a mild housewife. It was to the former, rather than the latter, character that Mrs. Carlyle belonged, notwithstanding the careful orderliness of which her husband was so proud—the gracefulness and fitness with which she made her home beautiful, of which he brags with many a tender repetition: and that fine gift of household economy which carried them safe through all their days of struggle. Her endless energy, vivacity, and self-control, her mastery over circumstances, and undaunted acceptance for her own part in life of that mingled office of protector and dependant, which to a woman conscious of so many powers must have been sometimes bitter if sometimes also sweet—it is perhaps beyond the power of words to set fully forth. It is a position less uncommon than people are aware of; and the usual jargon about gentle wives and feminine influences is ludicrously inapplicable in cases where the strongest of qualities and the utmost force of character are called into play. Equally inadequate, but far more touching, are those prolonged maunderings (forgive, oh Master revered and venerable, yet foolish too in your greatness as the rest of us!) of her distracted and desolate husband over his Jeanie, which one loves him the better for having poured forth in sacred grief and solitude, like heaped-up baskets of flowers, never too many or too sweet, over her grave, but which never should have been produced to

the common eye by way of showing other generations and strange circles what this woman was. It will never now in all likelihood be known what she was, unless her letters, which we are promised, and the clearer sight of Mr. Carlyle's biographer accomplish it for us—a hope which would have been almost certainty but for this publication, which makes us tremble lest Mr. Froude should have breathed so long the same atmosphere as the great man departed, to whom he has acted the part of the best of sons—as to blunt his power of judgment, and the critical perception, which in such a case is the highest proof of love. Doubtless he felt Carlyle's own utterances too sacred to tamper with. We can only with all our hearts regret the natural but unfortunate superstition.

It has been said that these *Reminiscences* are full of compunction. Here is one of the most distinct examples of the husband's inadvertence—so common, so daily recurring—an inadvertence of which we are all guilty, but such as has been seldom recorded with such fulness of after-comprehension and remorseful sorrow:—

"Her courage, patience, silent heroism meanwhile must often have been immense. Within the last two years or so she has told me about my talk to her of the Battle of Mollwitz on those occasions [i.e. the half-hour he spent with her on returning from his walk] while that was on the anvil. She was lying on the sofa weak—but I knew little how weak—and patient, kind, quiet, and good as ever. After tugging and wriggling through what inextricable labyrinth and slough of despond I still remember, it appears I had at last conquered Mollwitz, saw it all clear ahead and round me, and took to telling her about it, in my poor bit of joy, night after night. I recollect she answered little, though kindly always. Privately at that time she felt convinced she was dying; dark winter, and such the weight of misery and utter decay of strength, and, night after night, my

theme to her, Mollwitz! This she owned to me within the last year or two, which how could I listen to without shame and abasement? Never in my pretended superior kind of life have I done for love of any creature so supreme a kind of thing. It touches me at this moment with penitence and humiliation, yet with a kind of soft religious blessedness too."

This and a hundred other endurance of a similar kind had been her daily use and wont for years, while she too toiled through the "valley of the shadow of Frederick," her mind never free of some pre-occupation on his account, some expedient to soften to him those thorns of fate with which all creation was bristling. She showed me one day a skilful arrangement of curtains, made on some long-studied scientific principle by which "at last" she had succeeded in shutting out the noises, yet letting in the air. Thus she stood between him and the world, between him and all the nameless frets and inconveniences of life, and handed on to us the record of her endurance, with a humorous turn of each incident as if these were the amusements of her life. There was always a comic possibility in them in her hands.

While we are about it we must quote one short description more, one of those details which only he could have given us, and which makes the tenderest picture of this half-hour of fireside fellowship. Carlyle has been describing his way of working, his long wrestling "thirteen years and more" with the "Friedrich affair," his disgusts and difficulties. After his morning's work and afternoon ride he had an hour's sleep before dinner: "but first always came up for half an hour to the drawing-room and her; where a bright kindly fire was sure to be burning, candles hardly lit, all in trustful chiaroscuro, and a spoonful of brandy in water with a pipe of tobacco (which I had learned to take sitting on the rug with my back to the jamb, and door never so little open, so that all the smoke, if I was careful,

went up the chimney) this was the one bright portion of my black day. Oh those evening half-hours, how beautiful and blessed they were, not awaiting me now on my home coming! She was oftenest reclining on the sofa, wearied enough she, too, with her day's doings and endurings. But her history even of what was bad had such grace and truth, and spontaneous tinkling melody of a naturally cheerful and loving heart that I never anywhere enjoyed the like."

This explains how there used to be sometimes visible reposing in the corner of the fireplace, in that simple, refined, and gracious little drawing-room so free of any vulgar detail, a long white clay *pipe*, of the kind I believe which is called churchwarden. It was always clean and white, and I remember thinking it rather pretty than otherwise with its long curved stem, and bowl unstained by any "colour." There was no profanation in its presence, a thing which could not perhaps be said for the daintiest of cigarettes; and the rugged philosopher upon the hearthrug pouring out his record of labours and troubles, his battles of Mollwitz, his Dryasdust researches—yet making sure "if I was careful" that the smoke should go up the chimney and not disturb the sweetness of her dwelling-place—makes a very delightful picture. He admired the room, and all her little decorations and every sign of the perfect lady she was, with an almost awe of pleasure and pride, in which it was impossible not to feel his profound sense of the difference which his wife, who was a gentlewoman, had made in the surroundings of the farmer's son of Scotsbrig.

My first interview with Mrs. Carlyle was on the subject of Irving, her first tutor, her early lover, and always her devoted admirer and friend. To have been beloved by two such men was no small glory to a woman. She took to me most kindly, something on the score of a half imaginary East Lothianism which she thought she had

detected, and which indeed came from no personal knowledge of mine, but from an inherited memory of things and words familiar there. And I shall not easily forget the stream of delightful talk upon which we were instantly set afloat, she with all the skill and ease and natural unteachable grace of a born minstrel and improvisatore, flowing forth in story after story, till there stood before me as clear as if I saw it, her own delightful childhood in quiet old-fashioned Haddington long ago, and the big grand boyish gigantic figure of her early tutor teaching the fairy creature Latin and logic, and already learning of her something more penetrating than either. There were some points about which she was naturally and gracefully reticent—about her own love, and the preference which gradually swept Irving out of her girlish fancy if he had ever been fully established there, a point on which she left her hearer in doubt. But there was another sentiment gradually developed in the tale which gave the said hearer a gleam of amusement unintended by the narrator, one of those side-lights of self-revelation which even the keenest and clearest intelligence lets slip—which was her perfectly genuine feminine dislike of the woman who replaced her in Irving's life, his wife to whom he had been engaged before he met for the second time with the beautiful girl grown up to womanhood, who had been his baby pupil and adoration, and to whom—with escapades of wild passion for Jane, and wild proposals to fly with her to Greece, if that could be, or anywhere—he yet was willingly or unwillingly faithful. This dislike looked to me nothing more than the very natural and almost universal feminine objection to the woman who has consoled even a rejected lover. The only wonder was that she did not herself, so keen and clear as her sight was, so penetrating and impartial, see the humour of it, as one does so often even while fully indulging a sentiment so natural, yet so whimsically absurd. But the extraordinary sequence of

this, the proof which Carlyle gives of his boundless sympathy with the companion of his life, by taking up and even exaggerating this excusable aversion of hers, is one of the strangest of mental phenomena. But for the marriage to which Irving had been so long pledged, it is probable that the philosopher would never have had that brightest "beautifullest" of companions; and yet he could not forgive the woman who healed the heart which his Jeanie had broken! glorious folly from one point of view, strangest, sharp, painful prejudice on the other.

All that Carlyle says about his friend's marriage and wife is disagreeable, painful, and fundamentally untrue. He goes out of the way even to suggest that her father's family "came to no good" (an utter mistake in fact), and that the excellent man who married Mrs. Irving's sister was "not over well" married, an insinuation as completely and cruelly baseless as ever insinuation was. It is no excuse perhaps to allege a prejudice so whimsical as the ground of imputations so serious, and yet there is a kind of mortal foolishness about it, which, in such a pair, is half ludicrous, half pitiful, and which may make the offended more readily forgive.

Other instances of his curious loyal yet almost prosaic adoption of suggestions, taken evidently from his wife, will readily be noticed by the judicious reader. There is a remark about a lady's dress, which "must have required daily the fastening of sixty or eighty pins," unquestionably a bit of harmless satire upon the exquisite arrangement of the garment in question flashed forth in rapid talk, and meaning little; but fastening somehow with its keen little pin-point in the philosopher's serious memory, to be brought out half a lifetime after, alack! and give its wound. It is most strange and pitiful to see those straws and chips which she dropped unawares thus carefully gathered and preserved in his memory, to be reproduced with a kind of pious foolishness in honour of her who would have

swept them all away, had she been here to guard his good name as she did all her life.

I must say something here about the tone of remark offensive to so many personally, and painful above measure to all who loved or revered Carlyle which is the most astonishing peculiarity of this book. The reader must endeavour to call before himself the circumstances under which all of it, except the sketch of his father, was written. He had lost the beloved companion whom, as we all do, yet perhaps with more remorse and a little more reason than most, he for the first time fully perceived himself never to have done full justice to: he had been left desolate with every circumstance of misery added which it is possible to imagine, for she had died while he was absent, while he was in the midst of one of the few triumphs of his life, surrounded by uncongenial noise of applause which he had schooled himself to take pleasure in, and which he liked too, though he hated it. It was when he found himself thus for the first time in the midst of acclamations which gratified him as signs of appreciation and esteem long withheld, scarcely looked for in this life, but which in every nerve of his tingling frame he shrank from—at that moment of all others, while he bravely endured and enjoyed his climax of fame, that he was struck to the heart by the one blow which life had in reserve for him, the only blow which could strike him to the heart! How strange, how over-appropriate this end to all the remaining possibilities of existence! He was a man in whose mind a morbid tendency to irritation mingled with everything; and there is no state of mind in which we are so easily irritated as in grief. If there is indeed "a far-off interest of tears," which we may gather when pain has been deadened, this is seldom felt at the moment save in the gentlest nature. He was not prostrated as some are. On the contrary, it is evident that he was roused to that feverish energy of

pain which is the result in some natures of a shock which makes the whole being reel. And after the first terrible months at home, kind friends, as tender of him as if they had been his children, would not let him alone to sit forlorn in the middle of her room, as I found him when I saw him first after her death, talking of her, telling little broken anecdotes of her, reaching far back into the forgotten years. They insisted on applying to him the usual remedies which in our day are always suggested when life becomes intolerable. Not to take away that life itself for a time which would be the real assuagement, could it be accomplished, but to take the mourner away into new scenes, to "a thorough change," to beautiful and unfamiliar places, where it is supposed the ghosts of what has been cannot follow him, nor associations wound him. He was taken to Mentone, of all places in the world, to the deadly-liveliness and quiet, the soft air, and invalid surroundings of that shelter of the suffering. When he came back he described it to me one day with that sort of impatient contempt of the place which was natural to a Borderer, as "a shelf" between the hills and the sea. He had no air to breathe, no space to move in. All the width and breadth of his own moorland landscape was involved in the description of that lovely spot, in its stagnant mildness and monotonous beauty. He told me how he had roamed under the greenness of the unnatural trees, "perhaps the saddest," he said with the lingering vowels of his native speech, "of all the sons of Adam." And, at first alone in his desolate house, and then stranded there upon that alien shore where everything was so soft and unlike him in his gaunt and self-devouring misery, he seized upon the familiar pen, the instrument of his power, which he had laid aside after the prolonged effort of *Frederick*, with more or less idea that it was done with, and rest to be his henceforth, and poured forth his troubled agony of soul, his restless quickened life,

the heart which had no longer a natural outlet close at hand.

"Perhaps the saddest of all the sons of Adam!" In this short period, momentary as compared with the time which he took to his other works, fretted by solitude and by the novelty of surroundings which were so uncongenial, he poured forth, scarcely knowing what he did, almost the entire bulk of these two volumes, work which would have taken him three or four times as long to produce had he not been wild with grief, distraught, and full of sombre excitement, seeking in that way a relief to his corroding thoughts. Let any one who is offended by these *Reminiscences* think of this. He never looked at the disturbed and unhappy record of this passion again; "did not know to what I was alluding," when his friend and literary executor spoke to him, two years later, of the Irving sketch. Miserable in body and mind, his nerves all twisted the wrong way, his heart rent and torn, full of sorrow, irritation, remorseful feeling, and all the impotent longings of grief, no doubt the sharpness of those discordant notes, the strokes dealt blindly all about him, were a kind of bitter relief to the restless misery of his soul. This is no excuse; there is no excuse to offer for sharp words, often so petty, always so painful, in many cases entirely unfounded or mistaken; but what can be a more evident proof that they were never meant for the public eye than Mr. Froude's "did not know to what I alluded"? He who would spend an anxious week sometimes (as Mrs. Carlyle often told) to make sure whether a certain incident happened on the 21st or 22nd of a month in the Sixteen or Seventeen Hundreds, it is not credible that he should wittingly dash forth dozens of unverified statements—statements which, if true, it would be impossible to verify, which, if untrue, would give boundless pain—upon the world. And there is nothing of the deliberate posthumous malice of Miss Martineau in the book; there is nothing deliberate

in it at all. It is a long and painful musing, self-recollection, self-relief, which should have been buried with sacred pity, or burned with sacred fire, all that was unkind of it—and the rest read with reverence and tears.

The first sight I had of him after his wife's death was in her drawing-room, where while she lived he was little visible, except in the evening, to chance visitors. The pretty room, a little faded, what we call old-fashioned, in subdued colour which was certainly not "the fashion" at the time it was furnished, with the great picture of little Frederick and his sister Wilhelmine filling up one end, was in deadly good order, without any of her little arrangements of chair or table, and yet was full of her still. He was seated, not in any familiar corner, but with the forlornest unaccustomedness, in the middle of it, as if to show by harsh symbol how entirely all customs were broken for him. He began to talk of her, as of the one subject of which his mind was full, with a sort of subdued, half-bitter brag of satisfaction in the fact that her choice of him, so troublesome a partner, so poor, had been justified before all men, and herself proved right after all in her opinion of him which she had upheld against all objections; from which, curiously enough, his mind passed to the "mythical," as he calls it, to those early legends of childhood which had been told by herself and jotted down by Geraldine Jewsbury, our dear and vivacious friend now, like both of them, departed. He told me thereupon, the story of the "Dancing-School Ball,"—which the reader will find in the second volume—without rhyme or reason; nothing had occurred to lead his mind to a trifle so far away. With that pathetic broken laugh, and the gleam of restless, feverish pain in his eyes, he began to tell me of this childish incident; how she had been carried to the ball in a clothes-basket, "perhaps the loveliest little fairy that was on this earth at the time." The contrast of the old man's

already tottering and feeble frame, his weather-beaten and worn countenance agitated by that restless grief, and the suggestion of this "loveliest little fairy," was as pathetic as can be conceived, especially as I had so clearly in my mind the image of her too—her palest, worn, yet resolute face, her feeble, nervous frame, past sixty, and sorely broken with all the assaults of life. Nothing that he could have said of her last days, no record of sorrow, could have been so heart-rending as that description and the laugh of emotion that accompanied it. His old wife was still so fair to him, even across the straits of death—had returned indeed into everlasting youth, as all the record he has since made of her shows. When there was reference to the circumstances of her death, so tragical and sudden, it was with bitter wrath, yet wondering awe, of such a contemptible reason for so great an event—that he spoke of—"the little vermin of a dogue" which caused the shock that killed her, and which was not even her own, but left in her charge by a friend; terrible littleness and haphazard employed to bring about the greatest individual determinations of Providence—as he himself so often traced them out.

My brief visits to Carlyle after this are almost all marked in my memory by some little word of individual and most characteristic utterance, which may convey very little indeed to those who did not know him, but which those who did will readily recognise. I had been very anxious that he should come to Eton, at first while he was stronger, that he should make some little address to the boys—and later that he might at least be seen by all this world of lively young souls, the men of the future. His wife had encouraged the idea, saying that it was really pleasant to him to receive any proof of human appreciation, to know that he was cared for and thought of; but it was not till several years after her loss that, one bright summer morning, I had the boldness to suggest it. By

this time he seemed to have made a great downward step and changed into his later aspect of extreme weakness, a change for which I had not been prepared. He shook his head, but yet hesitated. Yes, he would like, he said, to see the boys; and if he could have stepped into a boat at the nearest pier and been carried quietly up the river——. But he was not able for the jar of little railway journeys and changes; and then he told me of the weakness that had come over him, the failing of age in all his limbs and faculties, and quoted the psalm (in that version which we Scots are born to)——

“Threescore and ten years do sum up
Our days and years, we see;
And if, by reason of more strength,
In some fourscore they be;
Yet doth the strength of such old men
But grief and labour prove”——

Neither he nor I could remember the next two lines, which are harsh enough, Heaven knows; and then he burst forth suddenly into one of those unsteady laughers. “It is a mother I want,” he said, with mournful humour: the pathetic incongruity amused his fancy: and yet it was so true. The time had come when another should gird him and carry him——often where he would not. Had it but been possible to have a mother to care for that final childhood!

The last time I saw him leaves a pleasant picture on my memory. In the height of summer I had gone a little too late one afternoon, and found him in the carriage just setting out for his usual drive, weary and irritated by the fatigue of the movement down stairs, encumbered with wraps though the sun was blazing; and it was then he had said, “It is death I want—all I want is to die.” Though there was nothing really inappropriate in this utterance, after more than eighty years of labour and sorrow, it is one which can never be heard by mortal ears without a pang and sense of misery. Human nature resents it, as a slight to the life which it prizes above all things. I could not

bear that this should be my last sight of Carlyle, and went back sooner than usual in hopes of carrying away a happier impression.

I found him alone, seated in that room, which to him, as to me, was still her room, and full of suggestions of her—a place in which he was still a superfluous figure, never entirely domiciled and at home. Few people are entirely unacquainted with that characteristic figure, so worn and feeble, yet never losing its marked identity; his shaggy hair falling rather wildly about his forehead, his vigorous grizzly beard, his keen eyes gleaming from below that overhanging ridge of forehead, from under the shaggy caverns of his eyebrows; his deep-toned complexion, almost of an orange-red, like that of an out-door labourer, a man exposed to wind and storm and much “knitting of his brows under the glaring sun;” his gaunt, tall, tottering figure always wrapped in a long, dark grey coat or dressing-gown, the cloth of which, carefully and with difficulty sought out for him, had cost doubly dear both in money and trouble, in that he insisted upon its being entirely genuine cloth, without a suspicion of *shoddy*; his large, bony, tremulous hands, long useless for any exertion—scarcely, with a great effort, capable of carrying a cup to his lips. There he sat, as he had sat for all these years, since *her* departure left him stranded, a helpless man amid the wrecks of life. Ever courteous, full of old-fashioned politeness, he would totter to his feet to greet his visitor, even in that last languor. This time he was not uncheerful. It was inevitable that he should repeat that prevailing sentiment always in his mind about the death for which he was waiting; but he soon turned to a very different subject. In this old house, never before brightened by the sight of children, a baby had been born, a new Thomas Carlyle, the child of his niece and nephew, as near to him as it was possible for any living thing in the third generation to be. He spoke of it with tender

amusement and wonder. It was "a bonnie little manikin," a perfectly good and well-conditioned child, taking life sweetly, and making no more than the inevitable commotion in the tranquil house. There had been fears as to how he would take this innocent intruder, whether its advent might disturb or annoy him; on the contrary, it gave him a half-amused and genial pleasure, tinged with his prevailing sentiment, yet full of natural satisfaction in the continuance of his name and race. This little life coming unconscious across the still scene in which he attended the slow arrival of death, awoke in its most intimate and touching form the self-reference and comparison which was habitual to him. It was curious, he said, very curious! thus to contrast the new-comer with "the parting guest." It was a new view to him, bringing together the exit and the entrance with a force both humorous and solemn. The "bonnie little manikin," one would imagine, pushed him softly, tenderly, with baby hands not much less serviceable than his own, towards the verge. The old man looked on with a half-incredulous, and wondering mixture of pain and pleasure, bursting into one of those convulsions of broken laughter, sudden and strange, which were part of his habitual utterance. Thus I left him, scarcely restrained by his weakness from his old habit of accompanying me to the door. For he was courtly in those little traditions of politeness, and had often conducted me downstairs upon his arm, when I was fain to support him instead of accepting his tremulous guidance.

And that was my last sight of Thomas Carlyle. I had parted with his wife a day or two before her death, at the railway, after a little visit she had paid me, in an agony of apprehension lest something should happen to her on the brief journey, so utterly spent was she, like a dying woman, but always indomitable, suffering no one to accompany or take care of her. Her clear and expressive face, in ivory-

paleness, the hair still dark, untouched by age, upon her capacious forehead, the eloquent mouth, scarcely owning the least curve of a smile at the bright wit and humorous brilliant touches which kept all her hearers amused and delighted, seem still before me. She was full of his Edinburgh Rectorship, of the excitement and pleasure of it, and profound heartfelt yet half-disdainful satisfaction in that, as she thought, late recognition of what he was. To this public proof of the honour in which his country held him, both he and she seemed to attach more importance than it deserved; as if his country had only then learned to prize and honour him. But the reader must not suppose that this gallant woman who had protected and fought for him through all his struggles, showed her intense sympathy and anxiety now in any sentimental way of tenderness. She had arranged everything for him to the minutest detail, charging her deputy with the very spoonful of stimulant that was to be given him the moment before he made his speech—but all the same shot a hundred little jibes at him as she talked, and felt the humour of the great man's dependence upon these little cares, forestalling all less tender laughter by her own. I remember one of these jibes (strange! when so many brighter and better utterances cannot be recalled) during one of the long drives we took together, when she had held me in breathless interest by a variety of sketches of their contemporaries—the immediate chapter being one which might be called the "Loves of the Philosophers"—I interrupted her by a foolish remark that Mr. Carlyle alone, of all his peers, seemed to have trodden the straight way. She turned upon me with swift rejoinder and just an amused quiver of her upper lip. "My dear," she said, "if Mr. Carlyle's digestion had been better there is no telling what he might have done!" Thus she would take one's breath away with a sudden *mot*, a flash of unexpected satire, a keen swift stroke into the very heart of pretence

—which was a thing impossible in her presence. Not love itself could blind her to the characteristic absurdities, the freaks of nature in those about her—but she threw a dazzling shield over them by the very swiftness of her perception and wit of her comment.

There are many senses known to all in which the husband is the wife's protector against the risks of life. It is indeed a commonplace to say so, universally as the truth is acknowledged; but there is a sense also in which the wife is the natural protector of the husband, which has been much less noted. It is she who protects him from the comment, from the too close scrutiny and criticism of the world, drawing a sacred veil between him and the vulgar eye, furnishing an outlet for the complaints and grudges which would lessen his dignity among his fellow men. And perhaps it is the man of genius who wants this protection most of all. Mrs. Carlyle was her husband's screen and shield in these respects. The sharpness of his dyspeptic constitution and irritable temper were sheathed in her determined faculty of making the best of everything. She stood between him and the world, with a steadfast guardianship that never varied. When she was gone the veil was removed, the sacred wall of the house taken down, no private outlet left, and nothing between him and the curious gazer. Hence this revelation of pain and trouble which nobody but she, so fully conscious of his greatness yet so undazzled by it, could have toned and subdued into harmony.

And yet he, with the querulous bitterness and gloom which he has here thrust upon us, in the midst of all the landscapes, under the clearest skies; and she, with her keen wit and eyes which nothing escaped, how open they were to all the charities! One day when she came to see me, I was in great agitation and anxiety with an infant just out of a convulsion fit. By the next post after her return I got a letter from her, suggested, almost dictated, by Mr. Carlyle, to tell

me of a similar attack which had happened to a baby sister of his some half century before, and which had never recurred—this being the consolatory point and meaning of the letter. Long after this, in the course of these last, melancholy, and lonely years, I appealed to him about a project I had, not knowing then how feeble he had grown. He set himself instantly to work to give me the aid I wanted, and I have among my treasures a note writ large in blue pencil, the last instrument of writing which he could use, after pen and ink had become impossible, entering warmly into my wishes. These personal circumstances are scarcely matters to obtrude upon the world, and only may be pardoned as the instances most at hand of a kind and generous readiness to help and console.

It would scarcely be suitable to add anything of a more abstract character to such personal particulars. Carlyle's work, what it was, whether it will stand, how much aid there is to be found in it, has been discussed, and will be discussed, by all who are competent and many who are not. A writer whose whole object, pursued with passion and with his whole soul, is to pour contempt upon all falsehood, and enforce that "truth in the inward parts" which is the first of human requisites, how could it be that his work should be inoperative, unhelpful to man? The fashion of it may fail for the moment, a generation more fond of sound than meaning may be offended by the "harsher accents and the mien more grave" than suits their gentle fancy; but so long as that remains the grand foundation of all that is possible for man, how can the most eloquent and strenuous of all its modern evangelists fall out of hearing? He had indeed few doctrines to teach us. What his beliefs were no one can definitely pronounce; they were more perhaps than he thought. And now he has passed to where all knowledge is revealed.

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